The SPHERE

Vol. CXXVI. No. 1645 AUG. 1, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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10.5 Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen.
11.15 "The Queen of Scots" Pullman. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee.
11.50 Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Inverness.

P.M.
1.15 Edinburgh, Glasgow.

A.M. **Sundays**

11.30 Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Perth.
11.40 Edinburgh, Glasgow.

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7*40 "The Aberdonian." Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen, Elgin, Lossiemouth.
10†25 "The Night Scotsman." Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, Perth.
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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly Volume CXXVI No. 1645 Price One Shilling, Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d. } London, August 1, 1931

THE AUSTRO-RUMANIAN ROYAL WEDDING

Archduke Anton of Habsburg and Princess Ileana of Rumania were married at Sinaia last week-end. Planned as an informal ceremony, the marriage was turned into a gorgeous pageant by the hundreds of visitors. King Carol, the bride's brother; Queen Marie, her mother; and her two sisters, Queen Elizabeth of Greece and Queen Marie of Jugo-Slavia, were present. The ceremony was performed by the Catholic Archbishop of Transylvania, and the Pope sent a golden cross with a relic of St. Teresa as a gift. London, after Bras Castle and Munich, is on the aerial honeymoon itinerary, for the groom is an ardent aviator.

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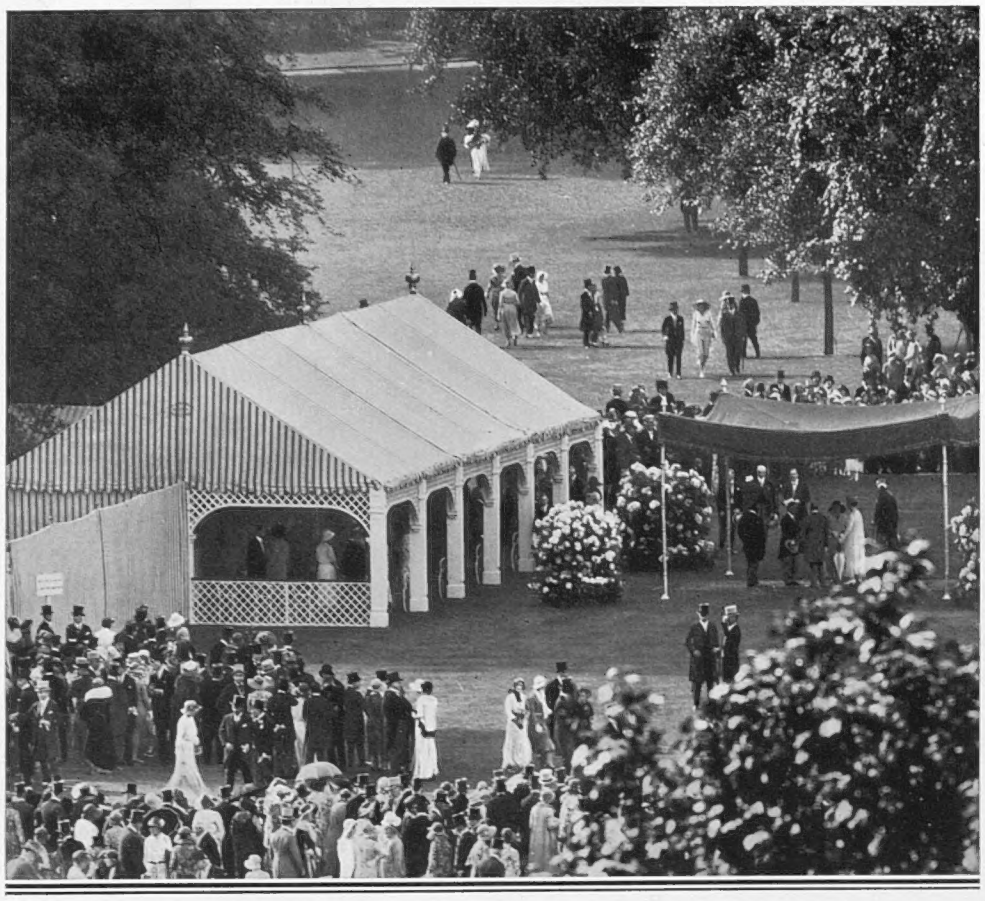
A London Newsletter

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, July 29, 1931.

Time and the Hour.—The French do not love international conferences, and take note of the number of these objectionable features of the new panic diplomacy which have recently taken place in London. In the European crisis time was certainly against the French if not against the Seven-Power Conference. At any moment the financial collapse of Germany might have come last week while the Conference was sitting, plunging Europe into chaos. For that reason there was no time for expounding in exhaustive logic the need for guarantees, or, indeed, of scratching below the slippery surface. France found herself faced with a loaded pistol and was forced to come into line with the other Powers who are more immediately concerned with the safety of their pockets than of their persons. It was not thus that the Peace of Versailles was reached and signed. In those good old days there was time and to spare for speechifying, bargaining, and compromising, and golden hours could be allocated to joy-riding for pretty secretaries. The London scene was grimmer and more strict. I am not so sure that Mr. MacDonald was right when he said that Time was against the Conference. For once in a way the guillotine fell happily, and the vital compromise, the tiding over of the crisis, was secured. To tide over is the unhappy fashion of our age. The Seven-Power Conference achieved nothing permanent or constructive, and could hardly have been expected to do so. The chances were not good enough to justify a gamble with British credit.



THE ROYAL GARDEN PARTY: The King and Queen under the awning, sustained on the silver pillars made for the Delhi Durbar, in the gardens of Buckingham Palace. On the left is the tea-tent, in which the famous gold plate is displayed. The sun shone brilliantly for the few hours in a week of deluge in honour of this picturesque function

Mr. Lang Eats His Words.—Mr. Lang, the Premier of New South Wales, has been brought to his knees by the club of necessity. In order to carry on the public services he has been compelled to accept Mr. Scullin's conditions precedent to a loan, and these conditions include the honouring of New South Wales interest obligations. Now that he sings small Mr. Lang has swung to the other end of the scale. He becomes the record-breaking economist and is to figure as the small scale model which will guide the mother country and the Empire in the inevitable progress towards economy from the top. Long as the Mandarins resist, necessity will force them to their knees in the end. One day we shall assess the havoc wrought by the orgy of spending which came in with peace. I was employed after demobilization in a temporary branch of the Ministry of Labour. We were overstaffed and latterly underworked. Indeed I had so much time on my hands that there in the office I laid the seeds of a livelihood in journalism. It was with guilty satisfaction that I discovered one day that bonus after bonus and rise after rise had increased my own emoluments to the annual figure of £1,700. I should have been perfectly satisfied and repaid with £500. That exaggerated notion of our deserts in the public service and in industry has been one of the prime factors in our present discontent and the depression in trade. We know who inspired that insane and arrogant optimism and generosity, and one day we shall add this further charge to the catalogue of their crimes. Its influence is clearly seen in the findings of the Royal Commission on the Civil Service.

For Development.—The Duke of Norfolk has sold Littlehampton, and I fear some of the oldest inhabitants will declare that His Grace has sold them. He has sold to a land development syndicate, and not unnaturally they mean to develop Littlehampton. When I first saw Littlehampton, with the setting sun reddening the quiet waters of its little quay, it was indeed a worthy Piræus for that Roman Catholic Athens, Arundel. The memory of its quaint and old-world peace, and of the smell of its seaweed still linger after forty years. When I saw it again last week I asked myself whether ingenuity could discover any way of further developing it. The bathing huts (rented at the price of small country houses) bar from the beach the passage of a thin child. There are booths and miniature golf courses and kiosks every yard of its front. Notices inform you that you may not pause in your car at any point for even a minute. There are car parks complete with uniformed officials. There are miles of concrete and curbs and barriers. As fashionable watering places go nowadays Littlehampton is ideal. Can civilization do more? Then I went on to Bognor and found the answer. Yes, one can aim at the great ideal of making Brighton jealous.

Lord Berners.—What fun Lord Berners must snatch from life! He has recaptured the joy of living-24-hours-a-day which was the perquisite of the Florentine craftsmen of the Renaissance. His versatility is amazing. He is painter, composer, writer, conversationalist, and his art with the brush is at once facile and restrained. And he succeeds. He is a business proposition. His pictures go off like hot cakes. And he is only 48. And he has Norman blood (by descent from the Comtes d'Eu) which in his case is better than simple faith.

A Tale of Four Pigeons.—In case you missed this good story from the Ruhr, I will re-tell it. Two blackmailers left on a householder's doorstep a carrier pigeon bearing a receptacle in which was a note demanding £10 per return pigeon post with a threat of arson in default. The police were told and sent up aeroplanes to follow the bird home, the pigeon being identified with a red streamer. The innocent bird flew home to its criminal loft and was aerially photographed in the act of re-entry. The police burst in and took the blackmailers red-handed removing the red streamer. Faced with all the proofs the criminals confessed. So the latest blackmailing device has been proved a snare and a delusion. Two blackmailers employed a pigeon to pluck a pigeon and were themselves plucked. It is very well. *Sicut serpentes, sicut columbae.*

The Dolmetsch Circus.—In Haslemere, and indeed in the wider cultivated area of Europe, the Dolmetsch family is appreciated, and its annual festival of chamber music is an event of importance. Arnold Dolmetsch is not only a recognized authority on the music of the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, but a craftsman who turns out in his own workshop the musical instruments of bygone ages. In Haslemere you may see and hear the clavicord, the rebec, the violone, the recorder (be it sopranino, descant, treble, or tenor), the virginals, the viele, and all kinds of musick. Myself I plumped for his Elizabethan programme, and enjoyed just such an evening as Queen Elizabeth experienced at Kenilworth or Cowdray, dancing "high and disposedly" the cinque-pace, coranto, galliard, la volta, morisco, and jig, or watching the burgomask, or listening to Shakespearian tunes for a broken consort. The Dolmetsch family is noted for its charm and perfect naturalness. It provides indeed what it claims—an evening of intimate music—and dresses appropriately in garments suiting the musical period under notice. We in the audience did our best to retaliate. For we were strangely attired, some in velveteen shorts, some in sandals and ragged pil-grim cloaks, some in white waistcoats and tail coats, some in "tuxedos," and some in plus-fours. And we spoke a variety of tongues. For Haslemere is highbrow and cosmopolitan, like Hampstead.

B.M.A. and Modern Life.—From the annual Conference of the British Medical Association, it is always possible to extract interesting theories. None is more interesting than the world-old idea, now reclothed by Dr. Lockhart, of the inexorable judgment of the gods that falls on Prometheus. In his pride and cleverness Man forges an impious machine that has no relation to the pastoral existence for which he was designed. He sets it going and then, with terror in his eyes, watches it as it spins towards him out of control and intent on his own destruction. This, Dr. Lockhart says, is civilized man's new Fear. The intricate machinery of modern civilization is remorselessly grinding us to powder. Eternal noise, the craving for speed, the endless competition of crowds waiting to be satisfied, bring with them new and alarming legacies of mental instability, sickness, and nervous breakdown. From these bogeys we have recourse to the anodyne of excitement and distraction, forging a vicious circle. It is an interesting theory because it bears the authority of the awful logic of nursery maxims, the world's store of essential wisdom. Easier minds pooh-pooh the notion, pointing out the vast benefits which science has conferred on humanity, on the health and well-being of mind and body alike. But still, as of old, happiness comes from within us. The only permanent sources of heartsease are those we find for ourselves.

Time Will Show.—It is a theory whose truth can be proved in the lifetime of persons now living. If the rising generation is able to show itself capable of the serene old age which distinguished its grandsires, bred up in the stern discipline and equipped with the self-found solaces and convictions derived from a Victorian upbringing, modern science will have justified itself. But if the rising generation is doomed to a restless and discontented senility, for ever switching on and switching off mechanical aids to distraction and finding only surfeit and boredom — then I suppose there will be sharp reaction towards samplers, shrubberies, hero-worship, Sunday sermons, backboards, and the Waverley novels. That is, of course, if an old age is reserved for the rising generation. Another Jeremiah of the B.M.A. forecasts the arrival at our airports of several billions of germs (yellow fever, and so forth) taken on board in world flights over less-favoured lands than ours. These little aliens are hard to detect and apprehend and recommend for deportation.

Signed E. W. Birmingham.—To a large and very important section of the population, last week's letters in the Press signed as above carry the authority and the weight of importance which are due to the arguments of one who is fighting for fundamental religious beliefs. And I suppose that to a section as large or larger, these letters and carefully-worded arguments and brilliant ripostes are read with sorrow, anger, shame, and even disgust, or passed over with unutterable boredom. It is a ticklish subject to touch on, this. It seems that the less religion is practised the more sharp grows religious controversy, the more vulnerable do men become to criticism of their convictions. Those who feel that Bishop Barnes is destroying the wood in an endeavour to preserve a tree are not necessarily worse Christians than Bishop Barnes' followers, nor necessarily less morally courageous. It is conceivable, I suppose, to argue that in the present pass in which the Church stands, the parable of Naaman might aptly be remembered and that the wood should be secured from alienation before the question of treating certain trees be considered.

A Sermon in Stone and Bronze.—Certainly this one-sided duel of words and phrases and neat rejoinders, waged in the Press between a Bishop and his spiritual chief, is not edifying, and is terribly damaging to the authority of the Church of England. And I think the sincerity of the chief partisan does not lessen the evil. One day, it may well be, the statue of Bishop Barnes will stand in the centre of Birmingham beside that of Birmingham's first Bishop. Birmingham's first Bishop is still an active influence and a mighty power for good in the Church and in our social life. And it was with the approval of every sect and shade of religious opinion in that diocese that a statue was erected to him in his lifetime. There are lessons to be learned from that statue even by Dr. Barnes.

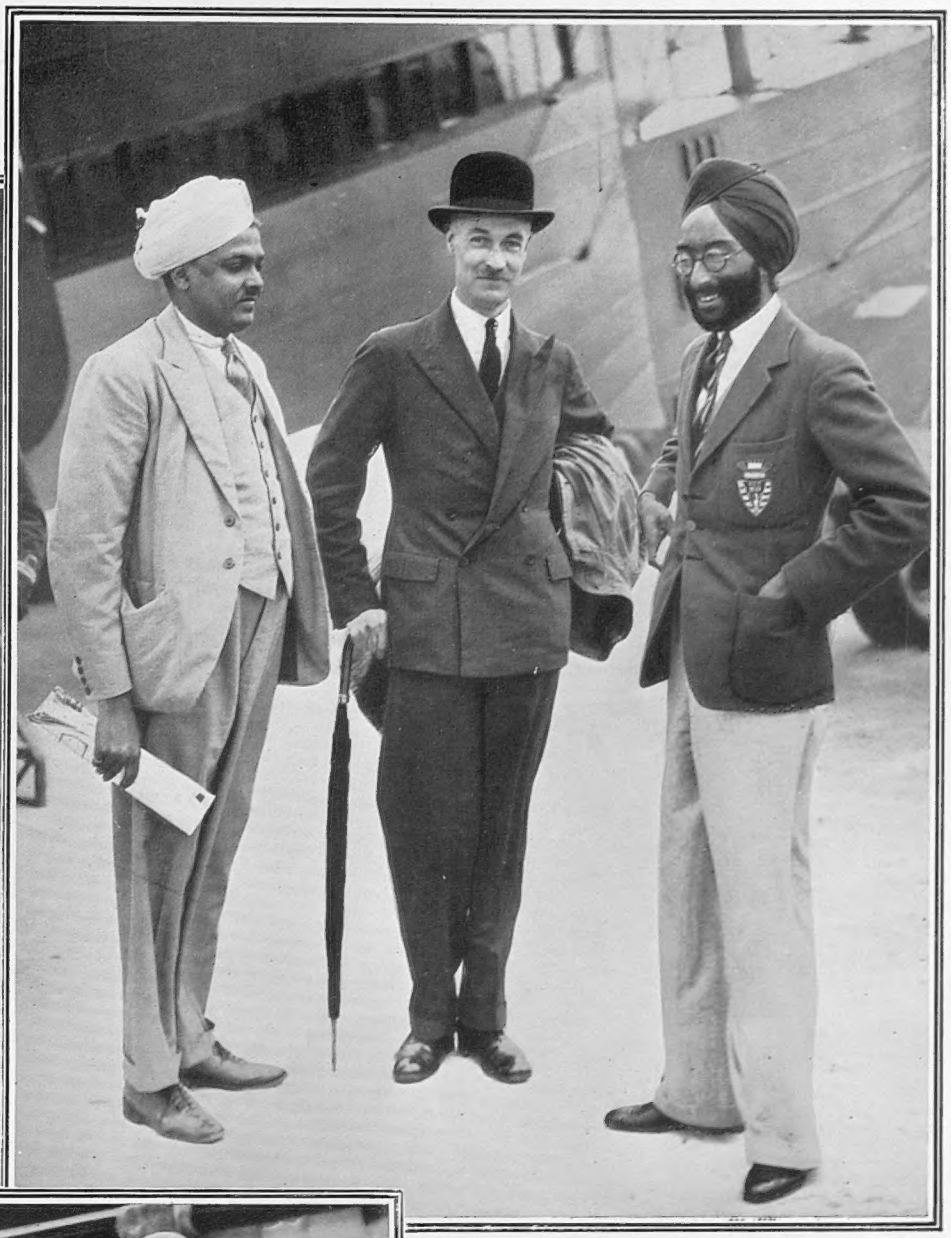
Difficult to Defend. — Last week while we rested sleepless heads on our pillows, and pulled three blankets over our ears, enemy air-raiders evaded our defences and caused considerable damage to our "seat of government." The big discovery of the air exercises was that our seat of government is difficult to defend. For some months I have held this view—a view which the latest concession in that Anomalies Measure does little to modify; so for that matter does the Socialist Government's humiliating inaction regarding Russian obligations. Neither the head nor the seat of government is easy to defend, and I am inclined to think the country would not be much worse off if we applied an axe to the former and a boot to the latter. It is extremely unfortunate that the bombs which fell on the seat of our Government were as ineffective as the measures which that Government has taken to remedy our present discontents. If this is summer, what will winter be like?

THE OLD STAGER.

PERSONALITIES

Five People in the Public Eye

AN ENGLISH ALIEN: Miss Estelle Winwood, the actress who went to America for six months and stayed sixteen years, has just returned to play Miss Marie Löhr's part in *The Love Game*, as the latter is America-bound. Miss Winwood (seen with Mr. O'Kelly, the producer) is now a U.S. citizen



A CRŒSUS OF THE ORIENT: The Rajah of Kalsia, one of the wealthiest of Indian potentates, is seen above (right) in a University blazer and the turban of his race just after his arrival by air at Croydon. The Rajah is a Punjab prince, and his income is estimated at four million pounds sterling *per annum*

READY FOR COWES: Mr. J. P. Morgan, the American millionaire, comes on board his yacht, *Corsair*, ready for Cowes Week

THE FINISHER: Miss S. J. Crossley, the only one of the six women entered in the King's Cup race last Saturday to complete the course. The weather was deplorable, but a close finish was recorded

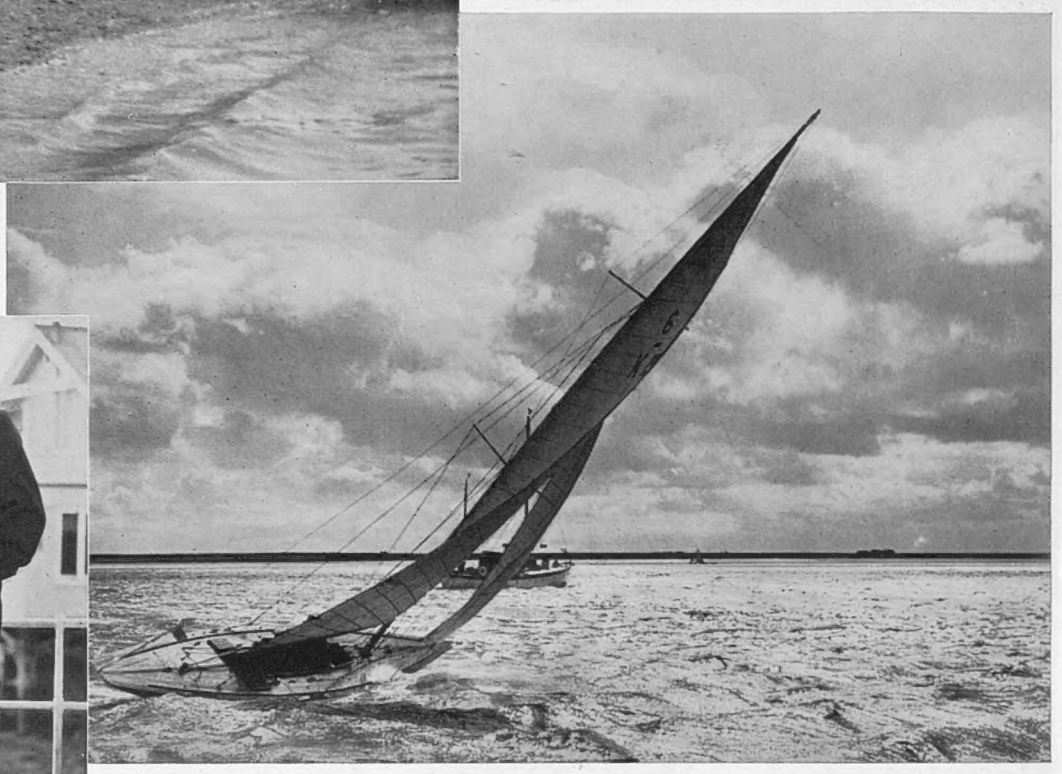
(See further pictures on a later page)

A WEDDING OF DISTINCTION: Miss Dorothy Duveen, the daughter of Sir Joseph Duveen, the prominent art critic and art dealer, with Mr. W. F. Garthwaite, after their marriage at Prince's Row Register Office this week

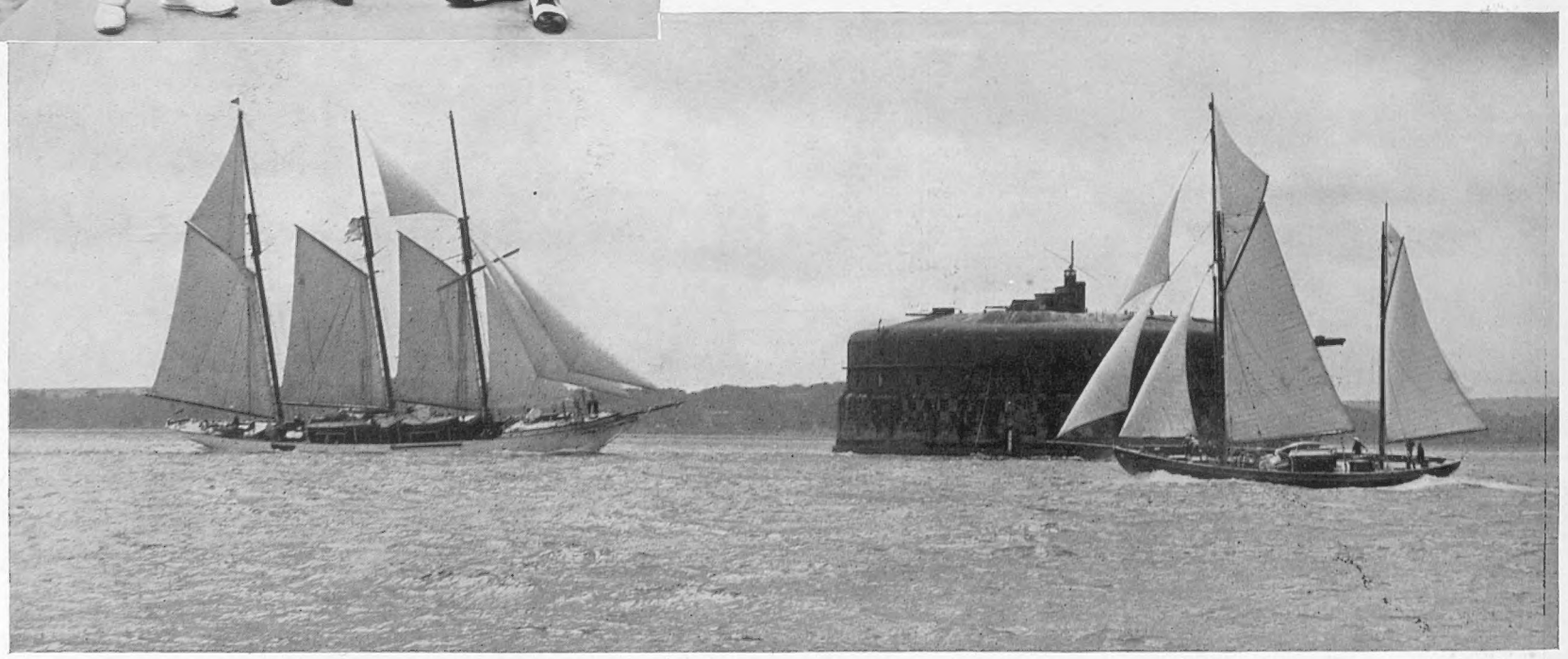
YACHTSMEN MAKE HOLIDAY

The New Royal Corinthian Yacht Club House

THE NEW ROYAL CORINTHIAN CLUB HOUSE: Frankly modern in style, it presents a gay white and green frontage to the Crouch. The base still awaits treatment. It is actually built out on piles on the foreshore



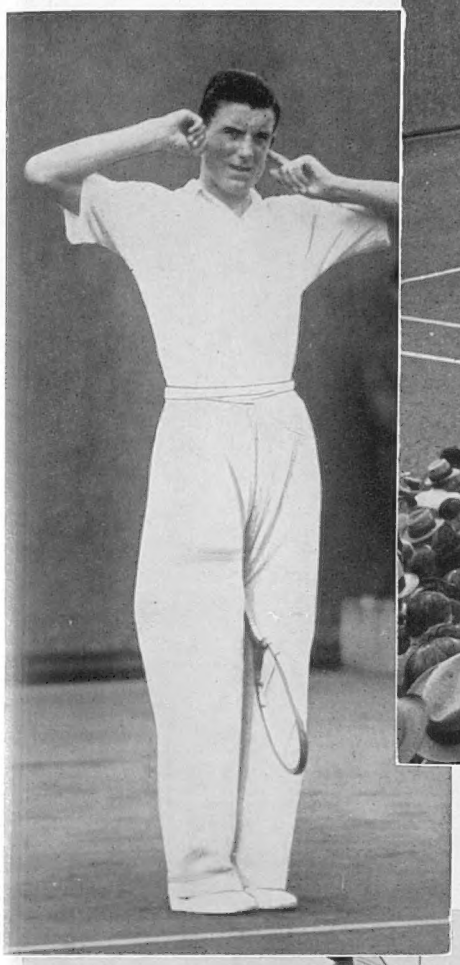
RACING ON THE CROUCH: One of the Club's International 6-metre class in a stiff breeze. Above Colonel S. W. Bunker is showing Mrs. C. H. Humphries and Mr. Lindwall points of interest in the new club-house; and left, Mr. J. S. Bacon, Rear-Commodore, Mrs. F. G. Mitchell, and Mr. F. G. Mitchell, Vice-Commodore of the Club

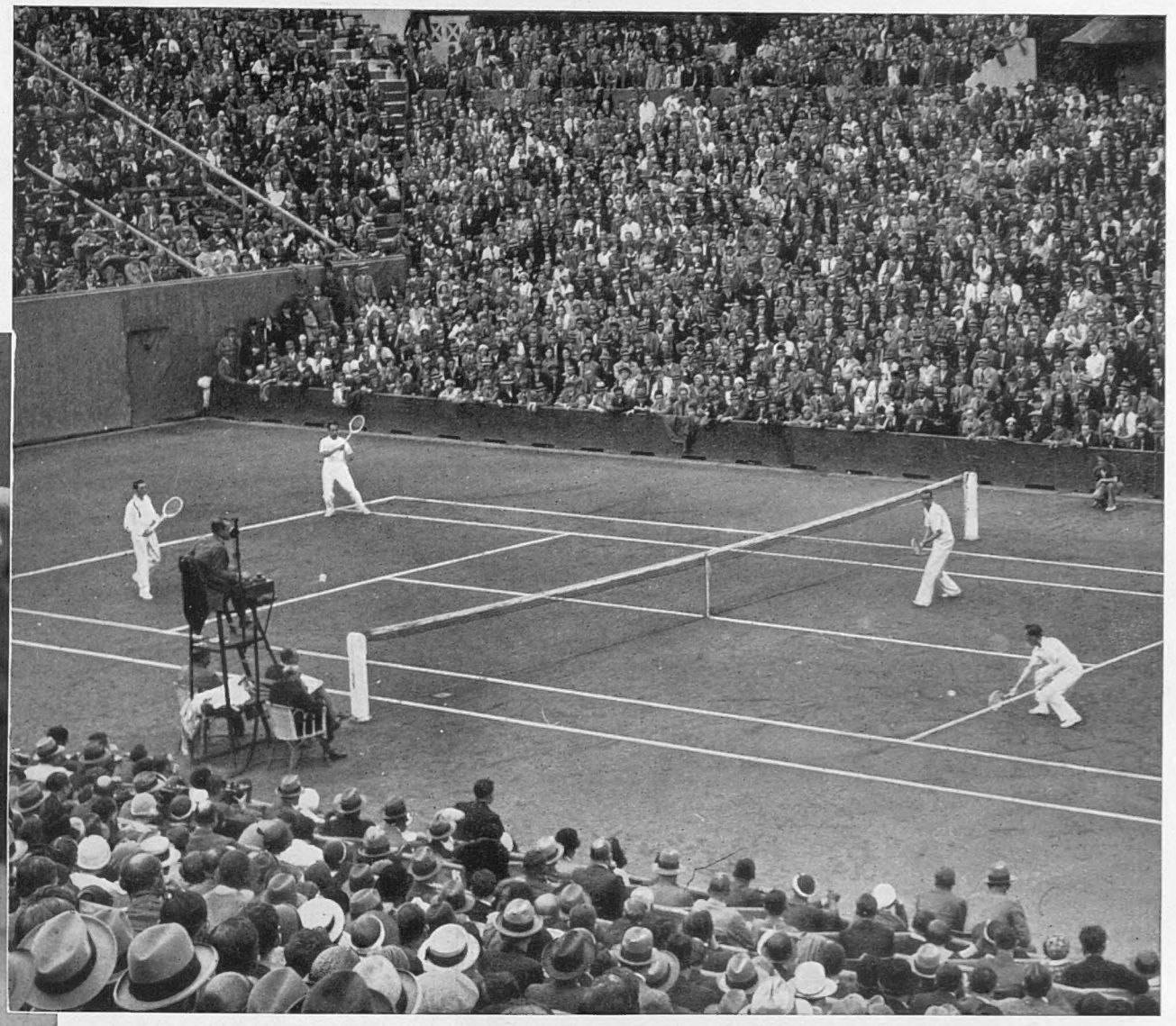


A CONTRAST IN RIG: Sunbeam (left), and Dawn Star sailing at Ryde, I.O.W., under a press of canvas

Since it was established in 1872 the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club has always been prominent in every activity that could further the interests of sailing. It is among the oldest and best known yacht clubs in the country, and now, by the efforts of its large membership, it has been given a splendid modern setting in the Club House built to the design of Mr. Joseph Emberton, A.R.I.B.A., the architect of the new Olympia. The Club House was inaugurated with great success last week.

FRANCE Wins the DAVIS CUP





FRANCE WINS THE DOUBLES: Kingsley plays a low back hand. His partner, G. P. Hughes, is at the net; Brugnon takes the right-hand corner for France and Cochet the left. The last-named has a supreme genius for making winners from the most improbable and unorthodox positions. Kingsley was played because Perry and Hughes are not temperamentally suited, and Roper Barrett, the non-playing captain, wished to save the former for his single. It has been hinted that I. G. Collins, and not C. H. Kingsley, should have been played as in the doubles; but Collins refused, being out of form, to play in a trial; it is doubtful, on his Wimbledon Mixed Final form, if he would have been any better than Kingsley

THE UNKNOWN SPEAKER, whose broadcast commentaries on sporting events are known all over France, describing the Davis Cup matches; by his side stands an English announcer. *Above*—PERRY STOPS HIS EARS against the crowd's demand that a dubious decision, during his victory over Borotra, should be reversed in his favour

THE FINAL VICTORY: Cochet chaired and cheered after his defeat of Perry in the deciding match of the Davis Cup—world-wide tennis contest

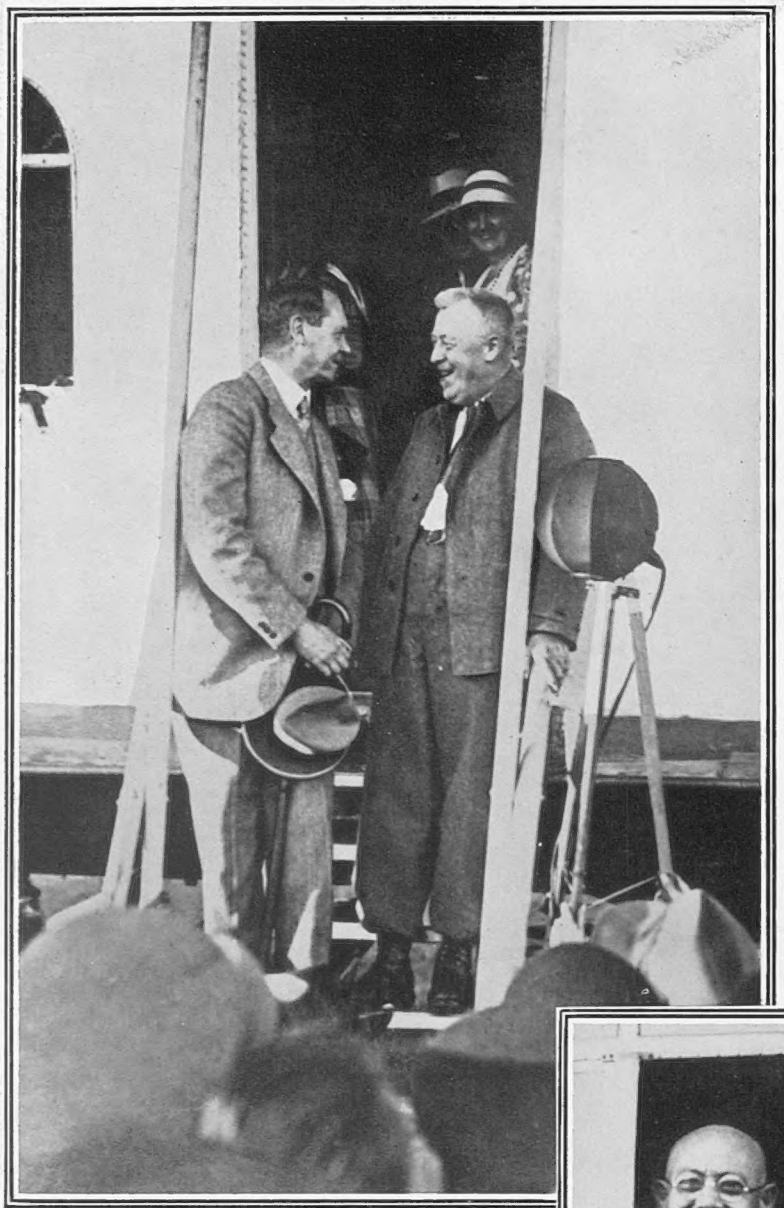
THE SCORE BOARD: The Davis Cup score, from Round I to the Final, attracts much attention

The Davis Cup has been retained by France, but for the first time since 1919 Great Britain got into the Challenge Round—a matter for great congratulation. Now that the shouting is over (and what shouting only the seven players concerned realize!) several facts stand out sharply. Primarily, Cochet, when fit, is still the wizard of the court, but may not be so a year hence; secondly, Borotra is no longer ideal though still an idol; thirdly, that Great Britain is regaining her old status; fourthly, that America, and not France, is our greatest danger next year; and fifthly, that our team needs careful selection for the Doubles. Collins has the reputation of being the finest doubles player in England—after G. P. Hughes; but I should prefer to see Dr. J. C. Gregory as Hughes' partner. His hard hitting and good temper should blend well with the erratic temperament and cut drives of "G. P." It has also been suggested that a younger non-playing captain would improve our chances, but Roper Barrett had, and has, more tennis sense and tennis guile than almost any other player, past or present. I suspect his brain directed Perry how to beat Wood with slow stuff, and Austin how to beat Shields. Perry should never be played in a double; he is, at the moment, too individual. The most gratifying occurrence in the whole Davis Cup was the extraordinarily sporting attitude of the French crowd. Borotra—most generous of players and more royalist than the English in sporting concessions of dubious points—must have infected them with his own example; for they shouted on doubtful decisions against their own players, even though Perry had given rein to his chronic irritability at the expense of various spectators. The last point that stands out is the fact that in Austin we have a genuine player—at last—of the Doherty class.

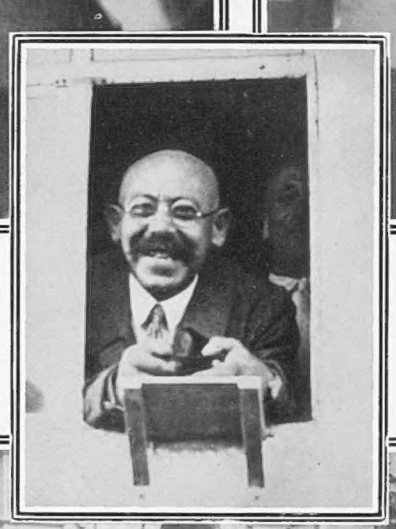
G. H. W. R.

EUROPEAN EVENTS

The Polar Flight : Spain in Flames



EN ROUTE TO THE NORTH POLE : Dr. Sahm, Mayor of Berlin, greets Dr. Eckener on his arrival at Staaken Aerodrome from Friedrichshafen in the first hop of the Graf Zeppelin polar flight. The airship carries 4 tons of food and 60 gallons of mineral waters. The submarine voyage to the Pole is on its first stage, to Bergen

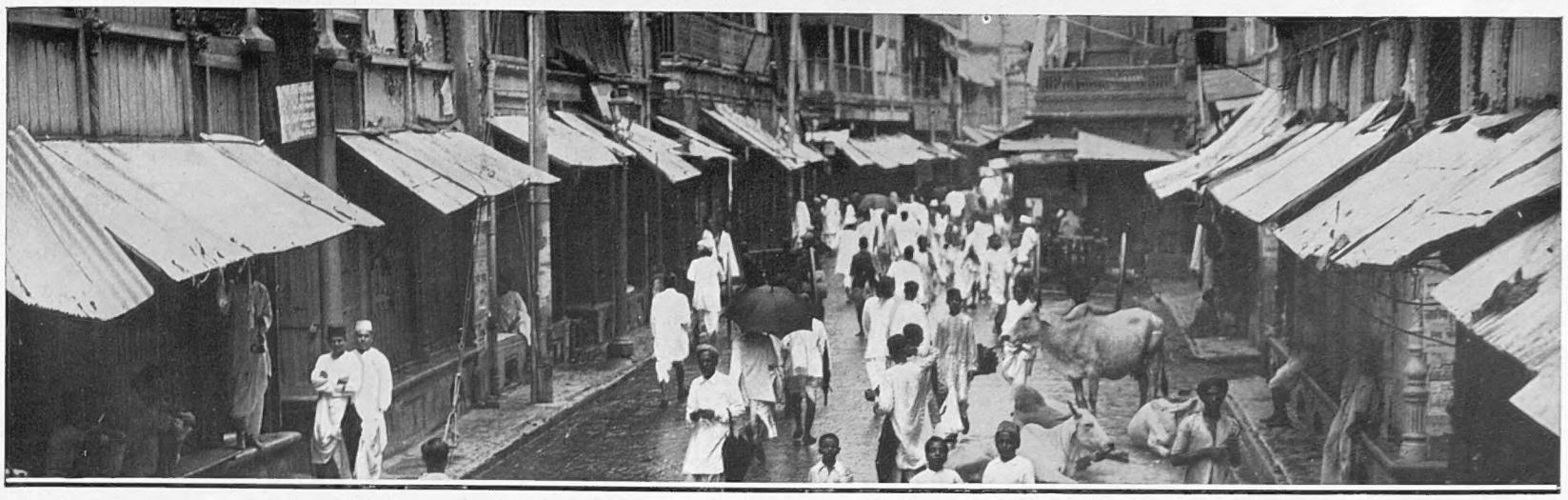


Inset above: *THE FACE AT THE WINDOW : Professor Samoilowitsch, a Russian scientist, who leads the research aspect of the Graf Zeppelin on her polar flight, is here seen waving to Berlin on his arrival in the airship*

JACK DIAMOND ACQUITTED : The notorious American gangster who was, it will be recalled, forbidden to land in Europe, and to take pot shots at whom became almost a U.S. gang sport, was acquitted of a charge of kidnapping and torturing a New Jersey farmer. The gangster is seen above being escorted by a State trooper on his arrival at the gaol where the trial was held. Diamond has been the object of many shooting affrays

MARTIAL LAW IN SEVILLE : A lorry rushes reinforcements on an urgent summons to a street battle with the bands of anarchists and syndicalists who have established a reign of terror in the city reminiscent of the Russia of 1918

AFTERMATH OF CIVIL WAR : A shop-front in Seville where the rioting has eclipsed that of Barcelona. Martial law has been proclaimed. It was (inaccurately) rumoured the King abdicated in favour of the Infante Don Juan



A STAGNANT THOROUGHFARE: Once a prosperous bazaar with cloth merchants' wares lining the road, this typical foreign market district of Calcutta has every shop closed—the result of boycott and trade depression combined. The presence of (sacred) animals in the streets is characteristic of Indian towns throughout the country

Britain's Control over INDIA

By Lieutenant-General Sir GEORGE MacMUNN

There has been some uncertainty recently to the lay mind as to the manner in which the Government of India is controlled from this country. The man in the street reads such phrases in telegrams from Simla, as "the first duty of the Government of India towards . . . is . . ." How intimately is the Government of India connected with the Government of Great Britain? How far do utterances by Viceroys contain a purely personal character? The writer here answers some of these questions for "Sphere" readers

The great intelligent public of these islands and indeed of this Empire is now keenly alive to the fact that something has been allowed to get very seriously wrong in India, that good kind men with no knowledge of what really matters in the East have been driving a magnificent great ship perilously near the rocks of rebellion and disaster. They are realizing that playing with fire has deliberately sacrificed not only their British officers to the murder gang and the *bomb-parast*, the bomb-worshipper, but that a far greater number of loyal Indians are suffering the same fate. They want to know "who runs this show." How can we Britons of the greatest Commonwealth that the world has yet seen grip the "show," get our hand on the steering wheel if it is in feeble hands and exercise the dual control that is necessary.

Before examining the democratic machine and its relations to India, which lies between the British voter and citizen and his heritage and duty, it is almost necessary to issue here a manifesto; to say before the world that India is not a party matter; that it is not a battle between Liberal, Conservative or Socialist, as to who shall handle the Indian trouble, but rather is one of principle based on comprehension, justice, and some knowledge of a very large world.

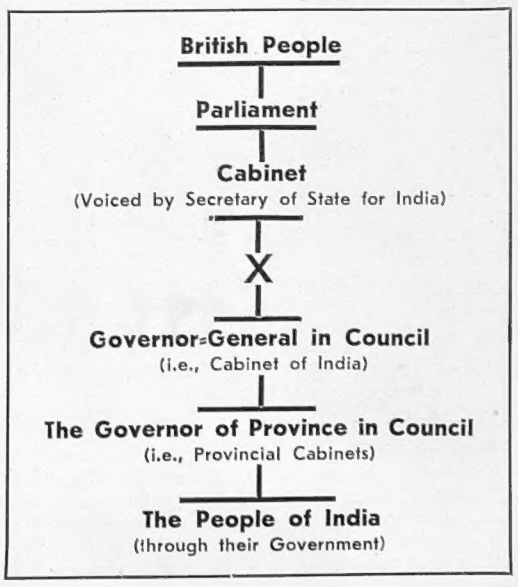
Having nailed that flag to the mast we must look down the pages of history and run backwards in the time machine. Then we shall see that even before the days of Warren Hastings and Clive, as soon, in fact, as the East India Company became a power temporal as apart from a power commercial in that strange fate which came to it, its affairs were gripped by Parliament. Insofar as it was the vice-regent of the Crown, the grip through the Board of Control, an entirely different body from the Court of Directors, became tighter as the generations passed. After the Mutiny, when the Company disappeared and the control was transferred to the Crown in actual name, Parliament became more directly responsible to the people of Britain for the proper government of India. That control was and is exercised by a Secretary of State who is a member of the Cabinet of the day, and he is assisted by a large office known as the India Office and has a council of grey-beards appointed from those to whom India is well known, whose advice he however does not always seek.

The Government of India itself of whom we hear so much is composed of the Governor-General and his Council. The Council is really the Cabinet and consists of the ministers in charge of each department. This Cabinet, known as the Governor-General's Council, is the supreme head, and the Governor-General (whose title as Viceroy is a secondary one) acts in a *corporate capacity* as president of and in the name of this Council which is appointed by the Secretary of State from various sources, some from home, some from the Indian Civil Service, some European, some Indian. Prior to the Montford Reforms (this is the official term for the Montague-Chelmsford Reforms) laws were passed by the Legislative Council which, under the Morley-Minto Reforms of 1909, was composed of a majority of elected members.

It is, of course, to be understood that this Government does not deal with the 350 millions of India as a whole, and that while three-fifths of India are directly British the remainder is made up of several hundred governments of princes' States, and that, further, British India consists of a large number of British provinces. Those provinces, presided over by a governor, formerly termed Lieutenant-Governor or Chief Commissioner, have their own legislative assemblies also, and each governor his own cabinet. Each British province controlled such matters as were by constitution confided to it, and the Central Government was confined to "all India subjects." The reforms of 1919 did not materially alter the machine but introduced elective assemblies into all the governments. In the provincial governments the ministers of certain of the portfolios were responsible to and chosen by the legislature, others by the governor. This was called diarchy and was deliberately adopted because this electoral and democratic principle was being introduced among an astoundingly diverse people who had never heard of responsible or democratic government in all the thousands of years that went to build up their personalities. In the Central Government the ministers were not appointed by the assembly nor responsible to it, but were nominated by the Secretary of State as before.

It was this provisional and experimental system that the Simon Commission was appointed to study and report on. That in brief outline is the situation. Now let us see how Parliament and the Government of India are connected and how they react one to another. First let it be premised that in this, as in every other case, the British voter is theoretically represented by his member whether he did or did not vote for him. The ballot is secret and the member is for the time the representative of all parties. He does not know who does or does not support him, and must act and speak and think for all. The member of Parliament can only act through his cabinet ministers and by recording his support to the cabinet of the day.

Now as regards India, the Government of India is supreme within its constitutional position. It has its own laws, its own prescribed position, and the Secretary of State does not and cannot interfere. By the constitution, certain matters cannot be altered without reference to him, notably changes in the army, the services, the taxes, etc., within certain limits. But within its authorized limits the Government of India carries on, and it is only with changes and certain sanctions that the Secretary of State is concerned. On the other hand, he must be kept informed of many matters. For this purpose a series of despatches from the Governor-General in Council to the Secretary of State in Council come home every mail. Further, the Viceroy, to use the more modern portion of his title, writes home every mail to the Secretary of State and receives from him personal letters, thus keeping each other informed of events, intentions, and parliamentary or cabinet attitude on any matters of the day concerning India.



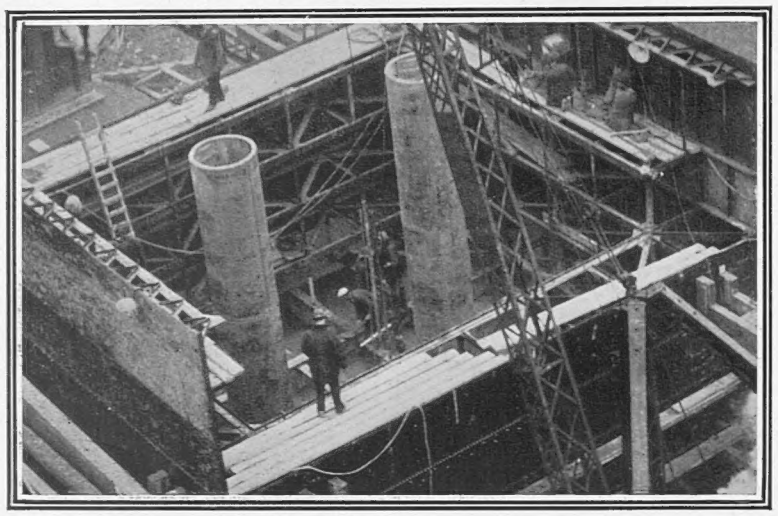
The Government of India governs, or if it ceases to govern will be asked by the Secretary of State in common parlance what it is up to? The Secretary of State by constitution must be informed at once on any matters on which he inquires. A telegram to the Press, a question in the House, on some subject on which he was not fully informed would at once form the occasion for a telegram. Any refusal to answer would be contumacy which would eventually result in a recall of a Viceroy. On the other hand, any interference with the prerogative of the Viceroy and his government as constitutionally existing would be withstood at once. A Secretary of State who felt some action necessary in the direction of interference would approach the matter indirectly. He might telegraph that public opinion was much concerned at the reports as to the abrogation of law and order and the flouting of authority in the Frontier Province, and ask what action if any was being taken, and what was happening and so forth.

In his letters he might say that the House was much perturbed at the number of British officials who were being murdered and what was His Excellency's Government doing about it, etc., etc. As a matter of fact, the communications between a Viceroy and Secretary of State are very full and frequent. Now when the whole country appears to be on a slippery incline down the road to disorder or worse, the Secretary of State must be fully informed. He now has probably realized that Lord Irwin's conception of how order is maintained in eastern countries is at fault, and he waits a better guidance, but in any case he rarely knows enough to see when he is receiving a wrong colour. In any case he must for a while at least accept a Viceroy's views or it is no use having a Viceroy. But as soon as a Secretary of State has made up his mind that a Viceroy is not carrying out the general intentions of this country and Parliament, he has plenty of opportunity and power to take hold. It is this power with the necessary machinery in India to make it effective which is the one thing that matters when any modification in the form of government is introduced. At the present moment, the man in the street can only make his own views in any way effective in the matter of India, as in the matter of Soviet dumping and such like, by the constitutional method of worrying his member and making it clear that unless things are better handled he intends to know the reason why at the next election. Power has been handed, as naturally it must be, to the folk who have been elected and chosen as members and ministers. There are the other constitutional methods, deputations to ministers, mass meetings such as Mr. Churchill's great scene in the Albert Hall recently, which had the effect of letting the Conserva-tive party see that its spokesmen must not agree to giving away the keys of the Indian fortress, and others.

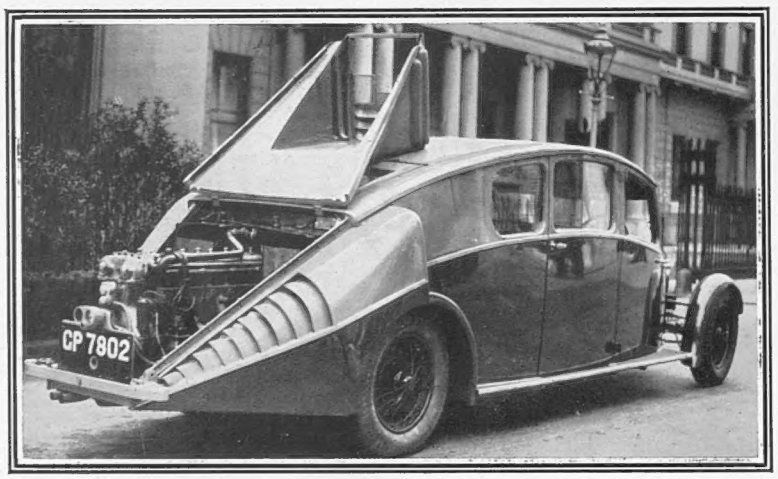
In India it is the Viceroy who can similarly enforce his views and those of the Secretary of State on the Governors of Provinces, a power that can only remain so far as certain over-riding powers, *with a machinery to assert them*, are left in their hands.

It should not be possible for a Viceroy to enunciate any policy of a far-reaching nature unless he had the concurrence of the Secretary of State, whose concurrence means naturally that of the Cabinet and, therefore, technically of the country. When Lord Irwin refers to a statement by Lord Chelmsford in 1919, he means that Lord Chelmsford was speaking in the voice of the Secretary of State, with whom he was in sufficient concurrence to remain in office. When Lord Irwin refers to his own statement in 1929, he also means that he spoke with the tongue of the Cabinet, though there is a feeling about that he succeeded in stampeding the Cabinet into a statement as to Dominion Status without qualification which every child almost knows can never be. The individual voter is, as we all know, of as little account as a shareholder or less in the so-called machine of democracy, fortunately for himself and the State, but such as it is in this matter of India the accompanying diagram will show.

THE EMBLEM OF VICTORY: Sir Philip Sassoon (left) presents to Flying-Officer E. C. T. Edwards the King's Cup which he won from a field of 40 in a Blackburn Bluebird Mark IV owned by Mr. Robert McAlpine flown at an average speed of 117.8 m.p.h.



TRAGEDY ON THE THAMES: Five men lost their lives last week-end by asphyxiation in the building of a tunnel from the mainland to the jetty at the Ford Works at Dagenham. The foreman sacrificed his own life in attempting a rescue



LENT TO THE PRINCE OF WALES: The 22 h.p. Burney streamlined car lent to H.R.H. by Mrs. Stephen Courtauld until a similar model, ordered by the Prince, is delivered. The engine unit is set abaft of the back axle

G. B. S. CHEERED IN MOSCOW: The greatest of the Fabians and the most lucid and vigorous of Socialist writers received a great welcome on his visit to Russia. Despite his Socialism, Mr. Shaw somewhat upset the Labour Applecart by the aggrandizement of monarchy in his most recent play

BRITAIN **without** a PARLIAMENT

The British Parliament is closing down for a silence of nearly three months. For three months the Government is safe. And the salaries of M.P.'s at £8 a week go on.

During a quarter of a year, we are to have the spectacle of the suspension of the administrative searchlight as well as of the legislative activity.

What is the business of our Parlialiament? What is the real work of that assembly which, in the long centuries since its birth, within the Saxon Witan, in the cradle of our race, has been the foe of secrecy and tyranny and the guardian of rights?

The business of Parliament is twofold. One is its side called legislation. The other is its side called administration. This is what matters. We could view with pleasure and relief a cessation of legislation. We are not craving for more bills.

Legislation means the passing of new laws. The truth is, as I have seen in my many years of the watching of Parliament, every Bill passed costs money. At the same time the benefit of such Bill to any class of citizen is often dubious. Cost is certain. Benefit is uncertain and possibly non-existent. For instance, I sat through every evening and every seemingly interminable night of the long struggle over Mr. Lloyd George's "People's Budget." Sometimes the dawn came rebukingly through the semi-curtained windows of the Chamber, seeming to strike accusing morning lances at the pale faces of the men on the green-upholstered seats below. The People's Budget after long months of struggle was passed with great bother and pother—and one nice quiet day a few years later the land taxes that had been in the vortex of the battle were calmly dropped into what their author no doubt hoped would be "dust and damned oblivion."

So, with regard to new legislation, which nobody wants and for which everyone has to pay, few will be sorry that Parliament is closed. But on the other hand there is the administrative, the money-control side, the vigilance side. This is far the more important.

Britain without a Parliament means a long sleep for the elected men and women who gained our votes by promising us that they would keep a keen eye on the money-spending and other activities of the Executive.

While Parliament is sitting the smallest back bencher in the House of Commons can cross-examine personally Members who form the Cabinet. The humblest citizen in Bodmin or Galashiels can move his local M.P. to searchlight the Executive upon matters connected with administration—while Parliament is sitting. This brings into view the real point of the closing down of Parliament for a quarter of a year at a stretch. During that period Cabinet Ministers can be at work in their departments in Whitehall, after perhaps, a beneficial holiday, but the private citizen, through his locally-elected private Member M.P., must submit to the suspension of the inalienable right of the Briton, won at great expenditure of blood and courage in the past, to free expression and the play of the healthy white light of knowledge upon the Executive Government.

During these three months the real power will be wielded, not by the 615 M.P.'s, but by the Big Four, Messrs. Ramsay Macdonald, Philip Snowden, Arthur Henderson, and J. H. Thomas.

Prominent in the survey of what it means to have Britain without a Parliament for so long a time is the fact that not only the House of Commons but the House of Lords is closed. The Upper House is always a fearless watcher of events. The House of Lords, as Lord Salisbury said not long ago, is a revising chamber. But in my own observation it is far more than that. It is a House of extremely experienced and gifted men possessing a sum of broad knowledge and training unmatched elsewhere in the world to-day, which has a salutary habit of initiating searching debates and inquiries.

Are there any advantages, given a sane and wise Cabinet trusted of the people, which accrue from a closing of Parliament for a few months? There certainly are. A recess gives Ministers freedom from attendance in the House and, assuming that we have the right men in the Cabinet, this means more time for Ministers to devote to their departments in Whitehall and better occasion for close and business-like touch with our great Civil Service.

At the present moment the existing Cabinet will have, after (or before) some rest and holiday, quite a number of important things to see to, and no doubt they will be very glad indeed to be free from what they probably would deem to be a great nuisance, namely, attendance at the House of Commons.

No hail of questions to them of afternoons by elected M.P.'s! No debates, long, frank, and publicly reportable, on the actions of Ministers, upon decisions made in the privacy of the Cabinet Room at No. 10, Downing Street! No volleys from the Conservative Opposition! No sniping from the extreme Socialist back benches! No chopping and changing of support and attack from the little band of Liberal balancers of the parliamentary see-saw!

During the recess, Ministers will be able to go on with their preparations for conferences, the work on the financial tangles of Europe, and the plans—if any—for the coming winter tragedy of unemployment.

They will have more time for that great task which is agreed upon by Liberals and Conservatives as being of outstanding importance—the cutting down of national expenditure. But will they do it?

Whether the set of men now forming the Cabinet, kept in office by a strange accident of an uncertain and faltering support by a Liberal Capitalist Party, is the right set of men to be given a three-months' run without the check of the parliamentary watch-dogs of the people is another matter.

What are the advantages of this long recess to the rank-and-file of M.P.s? There are, of course, golf, fishing, deer-stalking, amateur flying, speed-boating, house-partying, hiking, cub-hunting, and other sports. But there are some useful things for which this long recess gives M.P.s opportunity. They can—if they will—visit other countries. They may even go to their constituencies.

It is true, of course, that some M.P.s do not take much part in debate even when Parliament is sitting. But they are there some of them who are on the watch, and have countless little conferences with Ministers in many odd corners.

But now there will be silence, not only in the debating chamber itself, but in most of the two miles of corridors, the 1,300 rooms, the 100 staircases, and the eleven courts or quadrangles which make up the Palace of Westminster.

It should be remembered that while Lords and Commons are closed up in silence the great Civil Service in Whitehall goes on. The staffs have their holidays in relays, but the work of carrying on the King's Government continues while Britain has no Parliament.

The Cabinet meets from time to time in the long pillared Room of Secrets at 10, Downing Street, and exercises enormous powers which have no need for the technical sanction of the elected Parliament.

The Cabinet could declare war or peace, make treaties, tinker with the Navy, the Army, or the Air Force, alter methods of dealing with unemployment, change pay control, strengthen or weaken the grip of the Treasury on the great spending departments, appoint countless persons to countless offices, give a new tincture to the personnel of the clergy of the Church of England, make alterations at the Board of Trade, the Ministry of Labour, the Ministry of Transport, the Foreign Office, the Office of Works, the Ministry of Health, and elsewhere while Parliament is closed up and powerless to rake over the Executive or to beat an alarm on the mighty national sounding board.

Britain without a Parliament means Britain saved for the time being from the fresh expense of new legislation and from the bother (or hope) of a General Election; but it means also a Britain bereft for the time being of a vigilant free institution, whose pride it has been to give Parliaments to distant communities overseas, and to curb, check, and investigate, in the manner of a public preventive police, the possibly dangerous activities of a powerful Executive installed in "a little brief authority" behind the closed doors of No. 10, Downing Street.

Charles T. King.

The Kaleidoscope of Life in the U.S.A.

BUSINESS AND PLAY IN NEW YORK: The seventy-storey Chrysler building and The Daily News *building seen through a Ferris Wheel at a 2nd Avenue Street Fair*

A REPTILIAN DERBY: The Frog High Jump and the Horned Toad Derby with frog jockeys formed two of the events at a recent charity function in Los Angeles

A COOL WAVE AS AN ANTI-HEAT WAVE: Young New Yorkers keep cool in a trough-cum-shower-bath device in the tropic torridity of a New York summer. Top right—*AUTOGRAPH, PLEASE: Tommy Armour, the golfer, obliges a young admirer*

A VICTIM OF THE FILM: Winslow Elliott, a twelve year old, was accidentally shot by a friend who was re-enacting with a gun bought through a mail order house, a scene witnessed at the cinema. Right—*PLAQUES FOR THE ROUND THE WORLD FLYERS*

THE PRICE OF A DRINK: The remains of a once flourishing South Side Speakeasy (saloon) in Chicago, which was bombed with, remarkable and happily to relate, only one casualty. A scene of this kind is a typical by-product of prohibition, for the event arose out of a bootlegger's feud

BLUE versus *RED: Miss June Croll, a young girl Communist of New York, led 1,000 Reds in delegation to the City Hall whence she was forcibly escorted by the police. She subsequently harangued her followers*

FANCY DRESS PERSONALITIES IN FANCY DRESS: Mr. J. E. Hudson and "Ma" Kennedy—the mother of Aimée Semple McPherson, the Hot Gospeller—who eloped recently. They are seen above in "Independence Day" costumes

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CHIN

By
R. V. C. BODLEY
(Author of "Algeria from Within," etc.)

A City of the Seventh Century: *The walled town of Tsunwha Hsien in the background of which are the Manchurian Mountains crowned with the Great Wall. All Chinese towns of importance are built square—north, south, east, and west—with main gates north and south and two lesser gates east and west. The north gate is seen in the distance*

Shanghai from the Whang Poo river is a rather magnificent effect of domes and spires and shining towers which is unfortunately forgotten the moment one crosses the wharf and, losing sight of the quay with its fine buildings, finds oneself in an atmosphere of smoke and noise, stifling and overwhelming.

I do not know who designed the imposing buildings on the bund, or if it was the work of one architect, but it is a pity that the scheme was not carried farther as, with the exception of this decorative façade, the rest of the town is squalid and irregular. Sudden excrescences in the shape of immense departmental stores and gigantic blocks of concrete flats overshadow semi-detached residences, evident replicas of those bordering the railway line between London and Brighton, while pretentious villas with conventional suburban names offend the eyes already smarting from the ever-blowing dust.

This feeling of disillusion is not dispelled when one escapes from the congested streets into the country or the alleys of the Chinese city. Both are as drab as the rest of Shanghai; even when the sun shines it is veiled beneath a pall of smoke as filthy as London's. The only time when the town looks well is at night, with its tall buildings all lit up and its numerous pleasure resorts flashing with illuminations.

Even the tourists, while perhaps covering more actual mileage than the average resident, only see China superficially, and return to their homes with recollections of modern Shanghai with its skyscrapers and lingerie shops or of cosmopolitan Tientsin. Likewise those who have had the good fortune to travel as far as Peking will not have lifted the veil over the private life of the Chinaman, or realized that the people, whom they probably scornfully refer to as "natives," consider themselves infinitely superior to any foreigners whose customs, and especially manners, fill them with contempt.

Through the courtesy of a British firm in Tientsin, I was able to make a journey into the northern parts of Chihli and up to that part of the Great Wall of China which is not kept up for the benefit of tourists. I covered nearly five hundred miles over the most primitive tracts, partly in a Ford car, partly on foot, and being accompanied by an Englishman, member of the firm in question, who was opening up new territory to sell his goods. I met Chinamen in their most intimate surroundings, and with the aid of a broadminded Chinese interpreter I was able to hear these rural people's point of view.

Talking of the foreigners in the towns, the general verdict was that the Chinese had the mentality and the habits of pigs; being jostled off the Shanghai pavements confirmed their verdict, but after spending a fortnight among the peasants of Chihli my opinion has been entirely altered.

The people of rural China are as different as possible from those in the great cities, but it is not until one has seen these simple folk in their forgotten villages that one can get any idea of the mentality of the 474,000,000 inhabitants of this vast country There is none of that greedy, grasping atmosphere, no outward evidence of hatred for foreigners, merely a genuine curiosity at the sight of anything so extraordinary as a white man with bare arms and indecently bared knees who travelled in an evil-smelling contrivance which moved without the aid of horses.

This overpowering curiosity became rather trying at times, and after a few days in these Chinese villages, unknown to Westerners, I began to understand what a man like Charlie Chaplin must feel when he travels abroad.

The Hotel: *Mr. R. V. C. Bodley with his chauffeur, Mr. Golden Voice, and his interpreter, Mr. Tower in the Clouds outside the local hotel at Yutien Hsien. The only sign by which an hotel announces itself is a small signboard. A room costs 2d. per night, a good dinner 5d., although a poor man can dine to his fill for 1d.*

Market Day in Woloku: *T... stalls; below are the merchants and th...*

of the restaurant where I took my meals was thronged with curious people, while others stared at me from the windows; my ablutions were the source of the greatest excitement, and when finally I fell asleep I knew that a host of Celestials waited for the dawn in order to peer in on me to see how I took my rest. Even when I escaped into a private house to make a few notes for my articles the host and his relatives sat beside me and looked over my shoulder and commented on the peculiarity of my writing. I really believe that if a Chinaman appeared in a remote village of Scotland he would provoke less interest than I did in these villages of Chihli, which are little over a hundred miles from the thronged thoroughfares of Tientsin and the tourist hotels of Peking.

At the same time there was nothing offensive about this staring, nothing discourteous; the only people I could have accused of ill-manners were the soldiery (really coolies impressed into the army, dressed in dirty uniforms and hung about with rifles and swords and revolvers) who stopped the car at every possible opportunity, asked a number of needless questions, and finally issued passes ostensibly to permit the car to travel over their wretched tracks, but in reality to furnish the troops with a little extra pocket-money! Why a Chinese soldier should need money is difficult to understand as, apart from loot and occasional pay days, he gets everything he wants for nothing, as no villager or farmer would dare to refuse anything to a soldier for fear of reprisals! On several occasions I saw groups of Chinese soldiery armed with swords and pistols going round the markets with bags into which the merchants placed the best of their goods with bows and smiles as if they were making presents to their closest friends.

At every inn at which I stayed I was visited by a squad of armed policemen who asked questions and examined my baggage, stating that this was a precautionary measure owing to the trouble in Canton, two thousand miles away! But here again I do not think that these inquisitions were due to deliberate rudeness, but rather because of the absurd importance given in China to anyone with arms and a uniform, perhaps also to the inherent curiosity.

Our chauffeur, who rejoiced in the name of Golden Voice and had once been driver to a Manchurian war lord, assured my companion that if only the British firm for which he worked would dress him in the livery of a European chauffeur we should pass anywhere untroubled as he would look so very much more important than anyone else. I do not think that this is in the least exaggerated, as a Chinaman invested with power, or with the appearance of power, will abuse it to the utmost limit, but he will not be deliberately ill-mannered and will usually carry his politeness to extremes. Our interpreter, whose Chinese name translated meant Tower in the Clouds, was a good example of the really well-bred Chinaman, and would lean out of the car whenever we passed a cart which had to make way for us, or stopped a villager to ask the way, with a smile and murmurs of "Laoja, laoja" (literally, "I am troubling your health"); likewise whenever we dined in a local restaurant he would ask the proprietor and anyone else who happened to be standing by to join us at dinner. The invitations were luckily always refused, and was it explained to me that it would be the height of bad manners to sit down to a meal without going through the form of inviting everyone in the vicinity to share it, as in the same way Chinamen meeting in the street always ask each other to come and have a drink but would be flabbergasted if the offer were accepted.

This civility was not even dropped when one of our Chinese hosts, whose name was Mr. Fortunate Dragon, took us to visit the houses of the Sing Song girls, where the same courtliness was observed as if we had been paying a call on ladies of high rank—a most amusing experience, for it was obvious that these Chinese damsels, while regarding me and my companion as creatures unbelievably funny, could not disguise their horror at our physical appearance, comparing us most unfavourably with the chauffeur and the interpreter in exactly the same way as a European woman would if brought into contact with a Chinaman.

This comic incident took place at the battlemented city of Fenjung Hsien, the centre of the bandit area, and though we saw no live brigands there were some grisly remains over the thirteenth century gateway, and the guard informed us that if we waited a few days longer another batch of highwaymen would be strangled outside the city walls. It appeared, moreover, that the apprehension of the bandits had been brought about by their spendthrift behaviour among the girls whom we had been visiting, for instead of giving the ladies their usual dollar they had paid two, and who but a bandit could be so lavish with women! A few hours' torture had elicited a full confession from the accused and had led to the capture of the rest of the gang, so that a little peace was hoped for in future.

A WITHIN:

A Personal Record of a Journey into the Interior Recently Undertaken for "The Sphere"

Mr. Bodley, a special SPHERE Commissioner, tells in this article exactly what the real Chinese are thinking and doing. Just as New York and Chicago are not characteristic of the real America, so Shanghai, Tientsin, and even Peiping (as Peking is now called) are not typical of the Chinese of the Hinterland. Away from the Treaty Ports the old virtues and hopes persist

As a matter of fact I saw nothing to indicate a state of lawlessness, except the shutting of the city gates at sunset and the fortified state of some of the more lonely farms; on the contrary, the unmercenary attitude of these people, after the grasping dishonesty of their brethren in the towns, was a revelation to me. Often while tramping along the loneliest roads I would stop at a pedlar's tea stall and ask for a drink; the man always made me sit down while he brewed a fresh pot, and while I waited produced cigarettes, chatting all the time about his daily life; but when I offered to pay for the refreshment he always tried to refuse the money. This was not because he did not need it, as the Chinamen of the interior are desperately poor, but because he regarded me as his guest.

Mr. Fortunate Dragon and Mr. Hill of the Phœnix (Jui Lung and Feng Chi) gave us a splendid dinner at the local restaurant at Fenjung Hsien (Chinamen rarely entertain in their own houses, but ask their guests to the restaurant which,

ridge over the river. Above are ranked the pedlars' coolies unloading their goods sent to market by water transport

unlike the same thing in Europe, has no public room but is divided into cubicles of varying dimensions to accommodate private parties of any size) and gave us, in addition to the usual flaked jelly fish, omelettes, ancient black eggs, pork fat and rice, specialities such as prawns cooked in batter, fried bread, baked lobsters, bamboo shoots flavoured with shrimp's eggs, and various kinds of pickled sea-weeds. They also provided a jar of excellent millet wine which we drank very hot in little cups. It had a pleasant taste rather like brandy and cherry mixed and was mildly intoxicating, but as each cup only contained a tablespoonful of liquid it would have taken dozens of toasts to affect our heads. The meal was terminated by the traditional bowls of rice into which we put various kinds of greasy soups and any remains of dinner which took the fancy, the main rule being to finish the rice to the dregs with as much snorting and gurgling as possible and calling for a damp towel to wipe the face and hands, leave the table without further delay, it being quite incorrect to sit over one's meal or expect any further entertainment.

We therefore repaired to our bedroom, which consisted of a small apartment with a rather dirty stone floor raised at one end into a kind of dais two feet high on which were laid two mats, two grimy quilts, and two very hard pillows stuffed with grain. The walls of the room were papered with old American journals (purchased at great cost for that specific purpose), and in the place of glass the windows had strips of white packing paper. With the exception of a low table and two stools there was no furniture. Tea was served in bowls, which was not as good as it sounds, as the Chinaman's idea of making tea is to pick a few leaves off a tea bush, dry them in the sun and then pour a great quantity of boiling water over them. The result is a slightly coloured and tasteless beverage, but the only safe drink in the interior. More damp towels, the Chinaman's conception of a really good wash, followed the tea, and then bed.

What a contrast this party to one which I had in Tientsin with a Westernized Chinaman who was the head of a big firm and had been educated in Europe. A glaringly modern house filled with a mixture of red plush horrors and exquisite Ming pictures received me. The wife and daughter of the host helped to do the honours contrary to all Chinese tradition (in the remote parts of Chihli the women did not live in the same building as their husbands and sometimes in a different village), the meal was laid in a European furnished dining-room in the worst taste where electro-plate clashed with twelfth-century Sung bowls. The food, prepared days ahead, included the bird's nest soup and the shark's fins, to my mind a much over-praised form of delicacy, river crabs in their shells, bêches-de-mer, chickens and ducks cooked in a dozen different ways, and really first-class Chinese wine which my host spoilt for me by insisting that I should drink lemonade and sweet champagne at the same time! He himself despised his native drink as turning to me he said confidentially, "After much life on the Continent I like my soda and whisky," and suiting the action to the word he unexpectedly filled his tumbler three-parts full of neat brandy to which he added a little soda! . . . And what a difference in the conversation!

Among the peasants of Chihli it was questions to the foreigner about the outer world, advice wanted about the fertilizing of crops, occasionally an old Chinese legend or a rather coarse story. With my educated friend it was he who held forth, sometimes in English, sometimes in French, occasionally in German, as to what the Chinese were doing, what the Chinese were going to do, how easily they could absorb the teachings of the Westerner and how excellent would be the application of what they had learnt. Boasting all the time about his age, about his wife's cooking, about the power he wielded and yet without, I am sure, any idea that his talk was out of place. It was just the attitude of the modern Chinaman who wants to impress the foreigner with his importance, who wants to reform too fast without any outside help or advice, and is the basic cause of the periodical upheavals among the peaceful people of the interior who have never heard of extrality and don't really care what happens provided their crops grow and they can live somewhere near their ancestors.

The latter part of my journey was very interesting, as turning North we left the interminable cultivated plains with their identical stone villages and climbed into the mountains, rugged and barren, where long-haired Manchus with trains of shaggy camels stared at us wickedly as we passed their fortified villages. On the summits of the hills little temples dedicated to dragons, purveyors of rain, and other agricultural deities were thronged with supplicants, a great contrast to the shrines in the plains. There progressive-minded schoolmasters have shaken the beliefs of the younger generation and consequently deprived the monks of their means of livelihood, and have caused them to scatter.

We reached Tsunwha Hsien as the sun was setting, gilding the town and the battlements of this seventh century city in fairy-like radiance so that one would not have been in the least surprised to see King Arthur and his knights riding out of one of the fortified gateways. In the background, crowned by the Great Wall of China, the mountains rose up black and menacing. This first aspect of the Wall creeping up and down precipitous slopes like some gigantic dragon is one of the most impressive sights of the world. It is perhaps better than the aspect of the Wall close to, as often broken or overgrown it loses its illusion of continuity which the distant view affords. Even to-day this stupendous feat of engineering, 3,000 miles long, with a roadway along the top broad enough to admit two cars to drive abreast, with forts which can accommodate from 500 to 1,000 men, remains one of the real wonders of the world, and it is staggering to think that a people who could conceive and execute such a piece of work 200 years before the Christian era have never learnt how to construct a sanitary drain or a simple bathroom. Perhaps it is that they prefer to wallow in their own filth, for whatever may be said of the dirt of the Levant, it is clean when compared to the average Chinese hotel or private house.

A few miles to the north-west of Tsunwha Hsien is Ma Lan Yu, perhaps one of the most interesting places in China, but little known owing to its inaccessibility. Outside the gates of a crumbling city, under an imposing horseshoe of tall mountains crowned by the Wall, lies an immense plain, in the midst of which stand the splendid mausoleums of the Manchu Emperors of the Ch'ing Dynasty. It is a most astonishing and awe-inspiring sensation suddenly to come upon the city of the dead with its white marble bridges, marble pailous, marble roadways, all leading up to great golden-tiled mausoleums, each one a palace in itself. Life-size statues of elephants and tigers and horses, smiling mandarins, and giant-armed warriors guard the entrances to the tombs, which comprise temple and living apartments and courtyards all leading up to the sealed dragon door of the sepulchre behind which the emperor and the empress, sometimes a favourite concubine, in their white funereal robes studded with jewels, their necks weighed down with priceless jade, lie in gorgeous lacquered coffins suspended from the roof of their funereal chamber by golden chains.

To the Hubs in Mud! *The car heavily bogged, while the mute, with characteristic obstinacy, passively refuses to assist in moving it*

Among the more ancient tombs, two of comparative recent date but of no less historic interest stand side by side. They are those of Hsien Feng, whose barbarities brought about the war with Great Britain in 1860, and died at Jehol a fugitive from foreign reprisals, and that of his second wife, better known as the famous Empress Dowager, whose ill-advised foreign policy was one of the main causes of the fall of the last Imperial Dynasty of China. Whatever their faults may have been, here they now lie uncared for in the midst of a vast solitude, guarded by the Wall which Shih Huang Ti built purposely to keep out the Tartar ancestors of this dynasty which was to be the last in China. And yet who knows? The young Republic is struggling along, no less corruptly I fear than its Imperial predecessors, and there are many pigtailed Chinamen of the interior who do not admit the definite disappearance of the old régime, and talk of a time in the near future when a real Chinese Emperor will return, one of the Mings, and give back to China its ancient prestige.

The Medicine Man: *The chemist's white sign-post announces that, among other remedies, are kept horns in velvet of various kinds of deer; whiskers and claws of tigers; fossil bones (believed to be the remains of dragons—benevolent beasts in Chinese thought); dried centipedes; lizards and snakes; and innumerable herbs to cure any disease*

Whether this will happen or not remains to be seen, but I am sure that if China were ruled by the simple principles of the men one meets in those remote cities of the interior its future would be brighter than under the revolutionary theories of Chinese youth, educated abroad, who return to their native cities considering themselves far superior to their teachers and despising their illiterate relatives who have remained on the land.

The proportion of these young men is infinitesimal, but it is they who are the cause of all the unrest, and give the Chinese the reputation of being an unpleasant people devoid of any decent principles, which is not the case.

GERMANY DURING THE

THE GREATEST POWER STATION IN EUROPE: A general view of the *Speicherkraftwerk Herdecke*. This gigantic station produces 140,000 kilowatts per hour at top pressure

THE MUSEUM OF HYGIENE: One of the modern buildings in the International Hygiene Exhibition at Dresden. It is typical of the new Germany

THE MAIN BUILDING OF A GREAT FIRM: The head depot of Siemen's, the famous German electrical and mechanical house. *Right*—POST-WAR DISCIPLINE: The Reichswehr on parade

ELECTRICITY FOR THE CAPITAL: Berlin's new plant und new type, which run out to the quayside of the can date installation at the Girls' Physical Training Hig

THE MUSEUM OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY: This was recently opened in Dusseldorf and is devoted to demonstrating the solutions of problems of housekeeping in space and money

AD MINOREM *GLORIAM DEI*: The new church at Erlangen shows that Germany is renewing, in *style moderne*, even the eternal things

THE CULT OF THE BARE: While not so drastic as some other beaches, Wannsee gives to Berlin the scope it needs for bathing in water and sun. In the past few years, the passion for out-of-door athleticism has become almost a madness throughout Germany

Germany is to-day alleged by her own statesmen and conceded by those above a pictorial survey of the activities, military, architectural, social, athle stand of France is, in view of these pictures, revealed not as incomprehensi producing such works as these

PAST FEW YEARS: A Pictorial Vision

A WAREHOUSE BLOCK: One of the largest repositories in *style moaerne* in Berlin. Customers can step from the train into the warehouse, and it has a roof garden

CUBIST TOWN: Diesdorf, near Magdeburg, is a village constructed entirely in the most modern fashion. Over twenty streets are inhabited. -The courtyard of a block of houses is shown

onstruction. The great girder arms are coal-carriers of a *Right-* THE KITCHEN OF THE GYM. SCHOOL: The up-to-School -named after the Mayoress of Berlin

ADMISSION 4d. to the finest stadium in the world. 40,000 spectators can be accommodated in the Frankfurt Stadium, which has track, tennis courts, theatre, baths, and dancing

1,000 STRONG: The cult of physical fitness is a point of honour with both sexes. 1,000 girls are seen above giving a gymnastic display in the Kaiserdamm Hall, Berlin

THE TENNIS STADIUM: This great indoor hall seats 2,000 and has standing room for many more. The progress Germany has made at tennis was proved by her producing both women finalists in the Singles at Wimbledon

NIGHT LIFE IN BERLIN: One vignette of a phase of modern Germany. Eating and drinking are two dominant activities of Teutonic life and they are usually united with music. The jazz palaces of Berlin eclipse the night life of other capitals

her recent enemies to be facing economic ruin. In view of this fact, The Sphere *presents and industrial, with which she has busied herself in the post-War era. The uncompromising commercial shortsightedness nor as implacable military vengeance. A country capable of neither materially nor spiritually bankrupt*

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

AN EX-SPEAKER ON TRIAL: The French Senatorial High Court in session during the trial of M. Raoul Peret, ex-Speaker of the French Chamber of Deputies, and many times a holder of portfolios, together with other ex-Ministers

CHURCH VERSUS STATE.—The bitter "war" between the Pope and Mussolini continues unabated at this writing. The struggle between Church and Fascism is for nothing less than the youth of Italy. To the Pope that means the future of the church in Italy. To the Duce it means the future Italy.

Education and training of youth is the process of forming and shaping the future of a nation while that future is still plastic. In most modern countries it is recognized as the duty of the state. In Italy the church still claims that privilege or right.

Mussolini suppressed the Azzione Cattolica—the Catholic youth organization—charging that its leaders meddled in politics and engaged in anti-Fascist activity in that organization. The Catholic youth of Italy as embraced in the Azzione Cattolica numbers about 800,000 young people, whom the church has been teaching intensively along its line of thought.

Against those youthful and useful forces of the church there is the vast "Balilla" army of Fascist Italian youth aggregating some 1,800,000. These are taught to place Fascism, the nationalism of the Italy of to-day, before the church, and to look upon Mussolini as being greater in the State than is the Pope. The Duce admits no rival organization to Fascism in Italy.

In three countries in Europe organized effort is being made to control the future of the nation by means of obtaining possession of the youth. They are Russia, Italy, and Germany. It is not without significance that these three are the countries with the most vital and virile spirit in Europe to-day.

In Russia the Soviet régime has taken the youth, to educate and train young Russia rigidly, narrowly, and exclusively along the lines of collectivism and in the doctrine of communism. It seeks to break all influence of religion, even of family and tradition, and to replace it with fanatical zeal for duty to state. For the present rulers of Russia clearly recognize that upon the trend of thought of the young generation depends whether the present regime can perpetuate itself. As the press is rigidly censored, foreign intellectual influence, even foreign news that is not desired, is excluded, and the plastic mind of young Russia can thus be shaped without interference.

In Germany the State has as yet taken no hand in trying to possess the mind of young Germany for one particular political doctrine. It is still a free-for-all rivalry between political parties, but more especially between the communists and Hitler's National Socialists to capture the youth of the country. In either case it would mean a future radical Germany.

Scarcely behind Russia in alertness of realization is the watchful eye of Fascism on the youth in Italy. Perhaps even more than in Russia that youth is being militarized as the best method of inculcating unquestioned obedience, rigid discipline, and duty to State above all else.

The Balilla youth Legions, named after a Genoese boy-hero of the past, are military-athletic-educational organizations. The importance of the Balilla is emphasized by the fact that it is under the Ministry of Education, with a special Under-Secretary of State, in the person of Deputy Renato Ricci, at the head.

EDUCATION.—Boys enter the Balilla at the age of eight years. Recently another quarter of a million was added by reducing the age of admission to six years. Those between six and eight are in a special "kindergarten" army, a sort of preparatory section. Those between the ages of fourteen and seventeen compose the "Advance Guard." They are drilled and trained by military officers.

Every educational means is drawn upon to drill into the youth the principles and ideas of Fascism. All the virtues of manliness and womanliness—for there are 700,000 girls and young women in the Balilla — co-operation, cleanliness, orderliness, loyalty, self-sacrifice, and soldierliness are taught. The cinema especially has been one of the most effective means of instilling Fascist lessons into the impressionable mind of youth. There are few communities without their special Balilla cinemas. The state-controlled cinema institute, "Luce," makes special educational films for these purposes.

The Balilla is made alluring to youth. There are athletics, sports, and prizes. There are uniforms, flags, parades, competitive games, military drill. What boy, even in our pacifist age, does not like to play soldier? Where is there a boy who does not wish to be an officer, and addressed as Lieutenant, Captain, or Major?

The church still works too much with fear—purgatory, damnation, and hell fire.

Fascism, with lure of life, honours, achievements, greatness, such as form the background of Italian history, naturally offers more powerful attraction. The Duce himself is an inspiring example. The advantage is all on Mussolini's side in this struggle.

INDIA, NOT RUSSIA.—"India did not need, and does not now need, Soviet Russia to tutor her to revolt. Starvation, poverty, misery, oppression—a people's suffering therefrom, is the insistent urge behind the Indian movement, not 'Bolshevism' as the west interprets the term."

Patriarchal-looking Mr. V. J. Patel denied to me in Berlin the other day that Red Russia had a powerful hand in stirring the cauldron of discontent in India.

"Is it not enough that they should know themselves doomed to the fate of life-long privation, wretchedness, and hopelessness?" the grey-bearded, powerful-featured Indian patriot asked me gently. "Is desperation not sufficient urge to revolution?"

Without a touch of asperity, without the impatient denunciation or fiery oratory of most nationalists militant, Mr. Patel in a low voice and simple language painted a vivid picture of the conditions in India which he claims have been responsible for the "Indian situation" since its birth as an Empire problem. He questioned me about my visit to India, where I went and what I saw there. He told me that he quite realizes how difficult it is for people living in the west, who have never visited India, to form any idea of the living conditions of the masses in his country, "which in any case have to be seen to be believed," he added rather bitterly.

I received the impression that my question regarding the motivating influence of unrest in India has so often been submitted to the ex-President of the Indian Legislative Assembly that he prepares himself to meet it with a special front of patience. It seems incredible to him that the world should imagine any outside impetus, such as Bolshevism, to be necessary to encourage a national movement springing from the heart of the people.

Addressing the opening session of the Indian National Conference in Great Britain, held in London last month, Mr. Patel observed to his countrymen that he had noticed some of them think in terms of communism; some others again in terms of advanced socialism, or internationalism, or Fascism. Expressing due admiration for all the "isms," he said: "my considered opinion is that introduction of these questions at this stage of our struggle makes our immediate task much more difficult. The supreme need of the hour in India is intense nationalism."

"I know the kind of nationalism I have been advocating is a narrow nationalism. I do not like it at all. I should like to see the day when in this world our nationalism will not be different from the nationalism of any other citizen of this world, no matter to which country he belongs. I want a real federation of all the free nations of the world, large and small, living peacefully together, and working for the common good of mankind as a whole."

THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE AND HIS FIVE SONS, FOUR OF WHOM GAVE THEIR LIVES FOR FRANCE: M. Doumer (right) with his sons. From left to right: *M. André Doumer, Lieutenant of Artillery, who died at Nancy in September, 1914, aged 25; M. Armand Doumer, Aide-Major, who died at 33; M. René Doumer who, at the age of 30, fell in aerial combat in 1917; M. Marcel Doumer, a military aviator, who was killed in June 1918, aged 32, and M. Fernand Doumer, the eldest son, who is the only survivor*

THE EAST ON THE WEST.—Jose Sanvicente, Filipino nationalist, offers us in the west a unique opportunity to see ourselves as some others in the east see us. Condemning his compatriots for their growing tendency to renounce traditional native culture, customs, and dress, he holds up the mirror of the westernized Filipino, "adorned with a fictitious, illusory, fallacious, glittering exterior under the guise of civilisation and progress." They have given themselves up to the "bamboozling, dazzling lure of foreignism, as modern giddy Romeos and vivacious Juliets garb themselves with the laughter-provoking, gastly, ludicrous, fantastic, hawky habilments of western design, and even going to the limit of wearing balloon and London styles." Continuing in his original vocabulary and spelling, Mr. Sanvicente claims that the modern Filipino girl looks down on the modest, old-fashioned Maria-Claras as "antique hokums" and, in European fashions, "impudently, perchance indecently, advertise their lines." "While the young man don balloon pants as in Gay Paree, razor their forehead to perfection, and have their hair cut à la Valentino—a veritable object of derision."

Returning to the revolutionized Maria-Claras, he charges that they "pluck their eyebrows, whitewash their face, vermillion their lips, daub their cheeks, roll their stockings, and do all forms of human ablution, excruciation and torture, which undoubtedly deblooms."

Especially does the Filipino critic deplore the passing of "dulcet and mellifluous melodies" in favour of "gush songs, girl songs, and other jingles, as modern youth chants snappy talkie hits rather than alluring native songs."

His criticism, presented in such individualistic language, ends with observations of remarkable common sense, as he acknowledges that the Philippines "cannot deny the fact that in welcoming Christianity to become a part of our spiritual life, we acquired the greatest boon that European civilisation could impart to use." Closing with an exhortation to his fellow-countrymen to "take Diogenes' lamp in admitting Occidental ideas, look for the better ingredients, search for the glowing, gleaming, beaming upliftings side."

The SURVEY of the SPHERE

The Latest News from the Continental Cities

TRACES OF PRIMITIVE MAN AT TOULOUSE: In the course of road-repairing some remarkable historic objects of pottery, ascribed to several centuries B.C., were unearthed in Toulouse

TWENTY-NINE VOLUMES OF PROTEST: The books containing 200,000 Catalonian signatures forming a petition to the Spanish Provisional Government protesting against the expulsion of the Jesuits and other religious orders from Spain. The Catalans have been to Spain something of what Ireland has been to Great Britain

RUMANIAN ROYALTY IN CONSTANZA: Princess Ileana, Archduke Anton Habsburg and Queen Marie, the Queen Mother of Rumania, and Princess Elena of Rumania, Princess Ileana's sister. The wedding of the youngest Rumanian Princess was held on Saturday last at Sinaia, the ceremony being extremely quiet and attended only by relatives

REPRESENTING AFGHANISTAN IN BERLIN: Gulum Siddig Khan, blazing with orders, in the diplomatic evening dress of the Continent, glimpsed when leaving the Presidential Palace after presenting his credentials

SALARIES ONLY: To check the calamitous run on the German banks, occasioned by the scare of a financial crash (averted by the prompt action of the Seven Power Conference), strict injunctions were given to pay out to every depositor only the equivalent of his salary. All firms were instructed by the Berlin Chamber of Commerce to show their salary lists before any cash was delivered. So serious was the position that this step was taken only after the closing by orders of all banks. The tension throughout the world before the Seven Power Conference was held showed that a general financial disturbance of the first order was feared

The BURDEN of BUREAUCRACY

A Survey of an Over-Governed Nation

BY REGINALD JAMES

An eighteenth-century cynic, on passing the Bank of England and seeing the building extensions then in progress, remarked that the growth of the Bank structure did but remind him of the growth of the public debt negotiated therein. Were that same cynic to live to-day the remarks that the present Bank of England buildings would produce from him, bitter though they would be, would probably be inadequate to express his feelings on the position of our national finances, while were he to walk along Whitehall, surveying the Government palaces on either side, and then into the Office of Works to see Mr. Lansbury's plans for further blocks of Government Offices, he would no doubt remark that the magnificence of these administrative palaces did but serve to remind him of the appalling spread of the tentacles of bureaucracy.

Bureaucracy, as we know it, was almost unknown in the eighteenth century, but after the Reform Act of 1832 the Government began to take to itself new functions. The twentieth century, however, produced a different atmosphere and the advent of the Liberal Government of 1906 marked a definite stage in our history. Government took to itself new and vastly extended powers. Great schemes of social reform were embarked upon, pension schemes were introduced, national insurance was made compulsory, labour exchanges were established, and in numerous other ways the power of the State stepped into the life of the individual. Large additions to the ranks of the Civil Service followed automatically.

During the War, Ministries sprang up in a night like mushrooms, but at that time when practically everyone was in work of national importance, such expansion was inevitable. The coming of peace, however, did not see the reduction in Government staffs that the public had expected. Some automatic decrease was naturally inevitable owing to the cessation of purely war-time activities, but too many Departments continued in swollen proportions to "assist in the work of reconstruction."

Successive Chancellors all paid lip service to the cause of economy; Government Departments would be combed and all unnecessary activities stopped. But what has been the result? Governments have extended their activities to such an extent that the automatic savings resulting from such items as decreased war pensions and reduced national debt have been swallowed up by new expenditure.

Our national expenditure, which in 1923–4 was £788,000,000, was £838,000,000 in 1927–8, and in the financial year lately ended it had risen to £881,000,000.

Not only does the Government now perform duties unthought of a generation ago, but, as the Lord Chief Justice has so emphatically pointed out, it has impinged itself upon the work of the Judiciary.

The power of Whitehall continues to increase by leaps and bounds. The Government of to-day dominates, regulates, and controls the nation even in the most intimate concerns of the people. From the pre-natal clinic to the grave the English citizen exists under the care and supervision of a motherly government.

We are indeed becoming an over-governed nation. Local rights and privileges are being surrendered without a struggle to the Whitehall octopus. Every day Government is being removed farther away from the home and fireside. The latest step is the transfer of the power to appoint collectors from Local Commissioners to the Board of Inland Revenue.

Bigger Government staffs, and more palaces to accommodate them, must necessarily follow the policy of our Governments; 1930 was one of the most depressed years that this country has known, yet, according to a recent White Paper, during the year the staffs in Government departments increased by 9,078. That the Ministry of Labour would need a larger staff to deal with the swollen number of unemployed is understandable but it is difficult to comprehend why, of the nineteen groups of departments shown in the White Paper, fourteen should have found it necessary to increase staffs and only five to make any reduction.

The total staffs numbered on April 1 last 315,139. This figure is only 2,305 less than the swollen figures of April 1, 1922, but if allowance is made for the reduction of 17,457 at the Ministry of Pensions—a reduction, by the way, not due to zealous economy but merely to the automatic decrease in the number of War pensioners—Government staffs have really increased by some 15,000 during the past nine years. In Parliament, on February 3, 1931, it was officially stated that, apart from the Post Office staff, the number of Civil Servants had increased from 78,149 in 1913–14 to 118,544 in 1929–30. An increase of over 40.000!

The case of the Admiralty seems a striking one; first let it be stated that the personnel of the Navy had fallen from 146,047 in July, 1914, to 97,296 in 1930. During that time, however, the civil staffs at the Admiralty had risen from 5,729 to 7,460! Mr. Alexander, in reply to a question in the House on July 30 last, solemnly mentioned, as one of the factors calling for an increased staff, the demands made on Admiralty time by the League of Nations.

New departments have been created but, as in many cases they perform certain duties formerly discharged by other departments, it is sometimes difficult to assess their net cost. Further, some of them, such as the Ministry of Transport, have been formed to deal with new and growing problems and in such cases increased expenditure is unavoidable.

But this is not always so. Let one example suffice.

Before the War there was no Cabinet Secretariat. The Government of England had hitherto been carried on with dignity and success without any such assistance. This new department, however, has spread itself magnificently and, even after making allowance for the fact that it is at the service of the Committee of Imperial Defence, has what must be regarded as a very adequate staff. This includes the secretary with £3,000 a year, a deputy secretary on £1,500, and an assistant secretary on £1,355. The total number of persons employed is 66 and the salaries exceed £25,000 a year. The 1913–14 cost of the Committee of Imperial Defence, the only pre-War counterpart to this department, was £6,230.

But the growth of our departments is to go on! Mr. Snowden's Land Tax proposals if carried into law will necessitate a whole army of valuation officials. The Chancellor has stated that he does not anticipate an increase in the permanent staff of more than 2,000, but this estimate is probably on the cautious side.

In justice, a word should be put in for the rank and file Civil Servant. To-day he has few friends, and he is often unfairly maligned. The public, crying for relief from the burden of the Civil Services, are prone to call for a reduction in the salaries paid. In that they are wrong, for it is one of the insidious acts of successive post-war Governments that they have successfully concealed the real growth of their bureaucracy by underpaying many of the staffs. The cost of living to-day is roughly 50 per cent. above the pre-War level, but it is only those Civil Servants earning up to 35s. a week that receive full compensation by way of bonus. The £400 a year man, gets a bonus of £116 or 29 per cent., the £1,000 man gets £161 or 16 per cent., while the £2,000 man gets no bonus at all. Our trouble is not the salary paid to individuals, but the policy which leads to the swollen staffs.

Mr. Snowden has expressed his belief that really important economies will result from the recommendation of the influential Economy Committee now sitting. With the melancholy experience of the past ten years the taxpayer can hardly be expected to share the Chancellor's optimism. He can merely wait and hope, and then see.

PARÉ, FATHER of SURGEONS

This Year's Celebrations

Between the magnificence of a modern barber's shop and a barber's shop of the sixteenth century in Europe is so vast a difference that were one of the barbers of that time, for example, Ambroise Paré, to return to-day, he would certainly hardly realize that the same profession was being followed as in the shop where he began serving his apprenticeship 400 years ago.

Still more interesting is it to recall that barbers were also in those days surgeons. In the barber's shop was developed a new profession, and Ambroise Paré, youthful barber apprentice, was the father of modern surgery. Due to that early skill gained in handling a razor in a Paris barber's shop, he developed into the greatest surgeon of his time. He discovered the much more humane and far more valuable method of tying the arteries after amputation.

So this year both barbers and surgeons throughout the world are celebrating the 400th anniversary of Paré's entering the profession.

In those days barbers and surgeons were not considered as belonging to the medical profession. Though they did much to aid suffering humanity they were looked down upon by their brothers of long Latin prescriptions.

Both the future master barbers and future surgeons served their apprenticeships together. About 5.30 in the morning an apprentice came to work. After sweeping the shop, he was ready to serve those early-going workers who wanted their beards trimmed before starting their day. Later in the morning, about 9 o'clock, and until 2 in the afternoon an apprentice visited from house to house where regular customers lived, trimming beards or combing wigs. According to an old record, an apprentice made as high as fifty calls on his daily rounds.

Returning to the shop about two o'clock, he assisted his master in performing small operations; also in dressing wounds and small tumors. Regarding the latter it should be particularly noted that tumors were not operated upon. In any moments of leisure, the apprentice worked at making instruments, which, with the exception of the razor, were not much superior to the tools of a blacksmith. Evening was the only time left in which to study.

THE SURGERY OF 1530: A rare wood-cut of the time of Paré.

In spite of the long hours and the difficulty of attending lectures, Ambroise had such a strong constitution and ability to study that after four years as a barber's apprentice he succeeded in getting admitted to the Hôtel Dieu, the first hospital in France, founded in 660, and one of the oldest in the world. Here as an assistant barber-surgeon he continued to increase his knowledge of surgery for three years. Paré joined the staff of the Hôtel Dieu at the age of about eighteen. It was a dreadful place. All the diseased of the kingdom flocked here, and the building was always overcrowded. Only adults were given attention. New-born babies died in great numbers as did many of their mothers. The attendants were few in number and could not cope with the work. Paré worked night and day.

After three years in hospital, Paré joined the army of King Henri II. Firearms had just come into use. The curing of the wounds caused by gunshot raised a new problem for the surgeons. They used boiling oil to cauterize the wounds.

At the siege of Metz, Paré had a great many wounded on his hands. There was a shortage of oil, yet Paré noted with surprise that after several days the wounds that had been left untreated were healing, while those treated with boiling oil were worse. From that time onward Paré never used the old method.

It was at the battle of Damvilliers Paré performed the first amputation in which he tied the ligature with a double cord instead of cauterizing with a red-hot iron or boiling oil as had been done in the past.

At the battle of Damvilliers the Duke de Rohan was wounded so bady that one leg had to be amputated. The duke was in such a weak condition Paré feared the shock of applying a red-hot iron to cauterize the wound would be too severe. Due to this was born his great discovery; he tied the end of the severed arteries with cord.

After Paré's work on the battlefield he had become a favourite with King Henri. So Paré learned by heart the necessary address in Latin and on December 18, 1554, at the age of forty-five, he received his degree.

During the following thirty years he was surgeon to four kings. But though raised to this exalted position he continued to labour for the poor and unfortunate.

NAVY WEEK *at* PORTSMOUTH

Charles E. Brown

ELECTRICITY TRIUMPHANT: The method of giving a general order simultaneously to the personnel of 1,300 on board H.M.S. *Nelson* is to utilize the facilities of broadcasting. This is only one of the wonders of the Navy to be revealed to the public during Navy Week, which begins at Portsmouth to-day. A shilling makes one free of the dockyard—a marvellous "bob's worth"

TORPEDOES SALVAGED: One of the duties of seamen after a mock battle is to pick up expended torpedoes. The defence of the big ship, torpedo netting—which by yielding to the impact fails to give sufficient resistance to promote percussion and explosion—is seen against the hull on left

ANTI-AIRCRAFT: A crowd of sightseers regard the intricate mechanism of the latest type of "Archie" on board H.M.S. *Nelson*—one of the thrills of Navy Week

THE LURE

Some New

"WHERE THE SEA FOLK LABOUR AND THE RED SAILS LIFT": A typical fishing village on the breezy Northumberland Coast

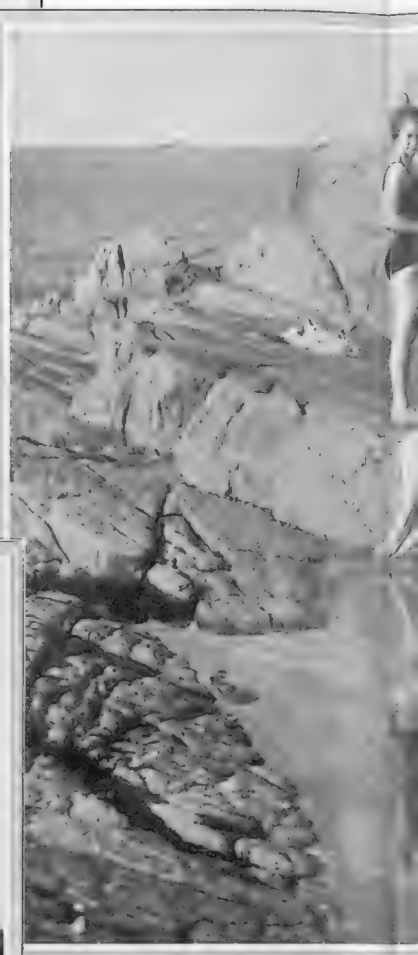


TABLEAU IN THE
still grace the ro

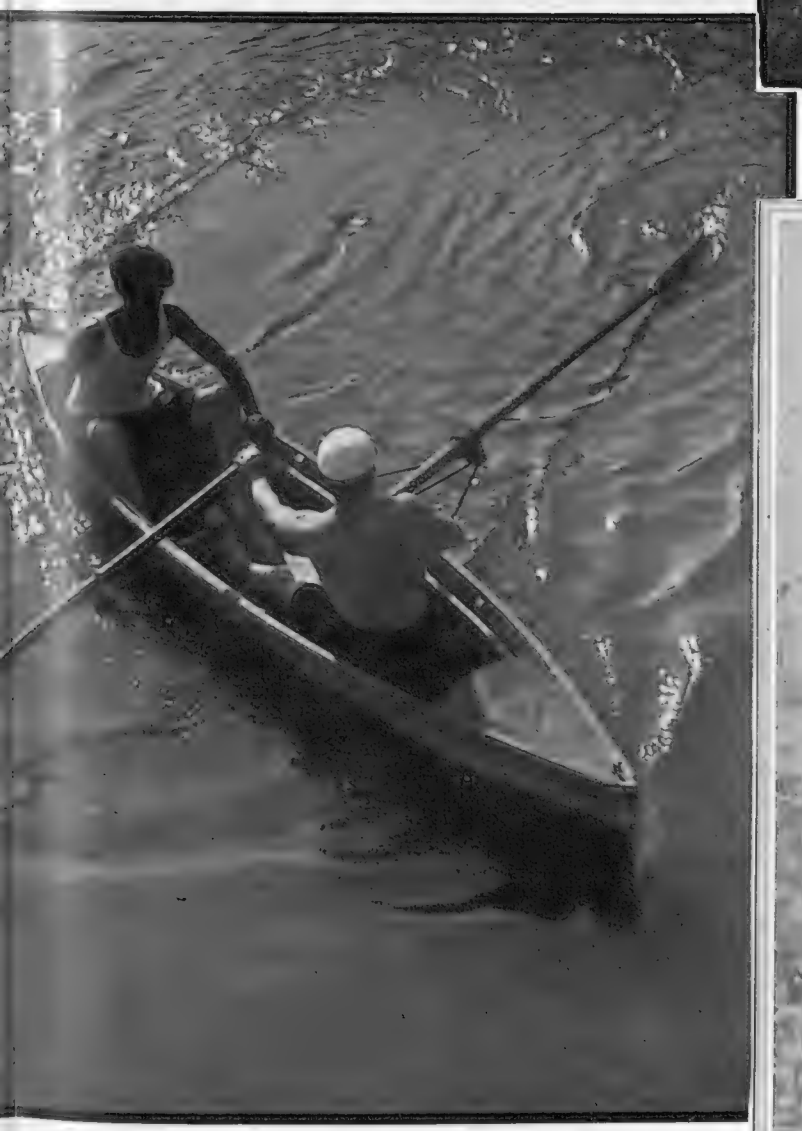
A COASTWISE LIGHT OF ENGLAND: The new lighthouse, Beachy Head—the most gracefully proportioned lighthouse in the world

ON A TRACK OF MOONLIT SEA:
that experienced on a still night in a small b
the gleaming and phosphorescent drops of wate
everyday things into

E of the SUMMER SEA

lew Seaboard Studies by Day and Night

E CHANNEL ISLANDS: The mermaids of 1931
e rocks, but find it impossible to comb their hair

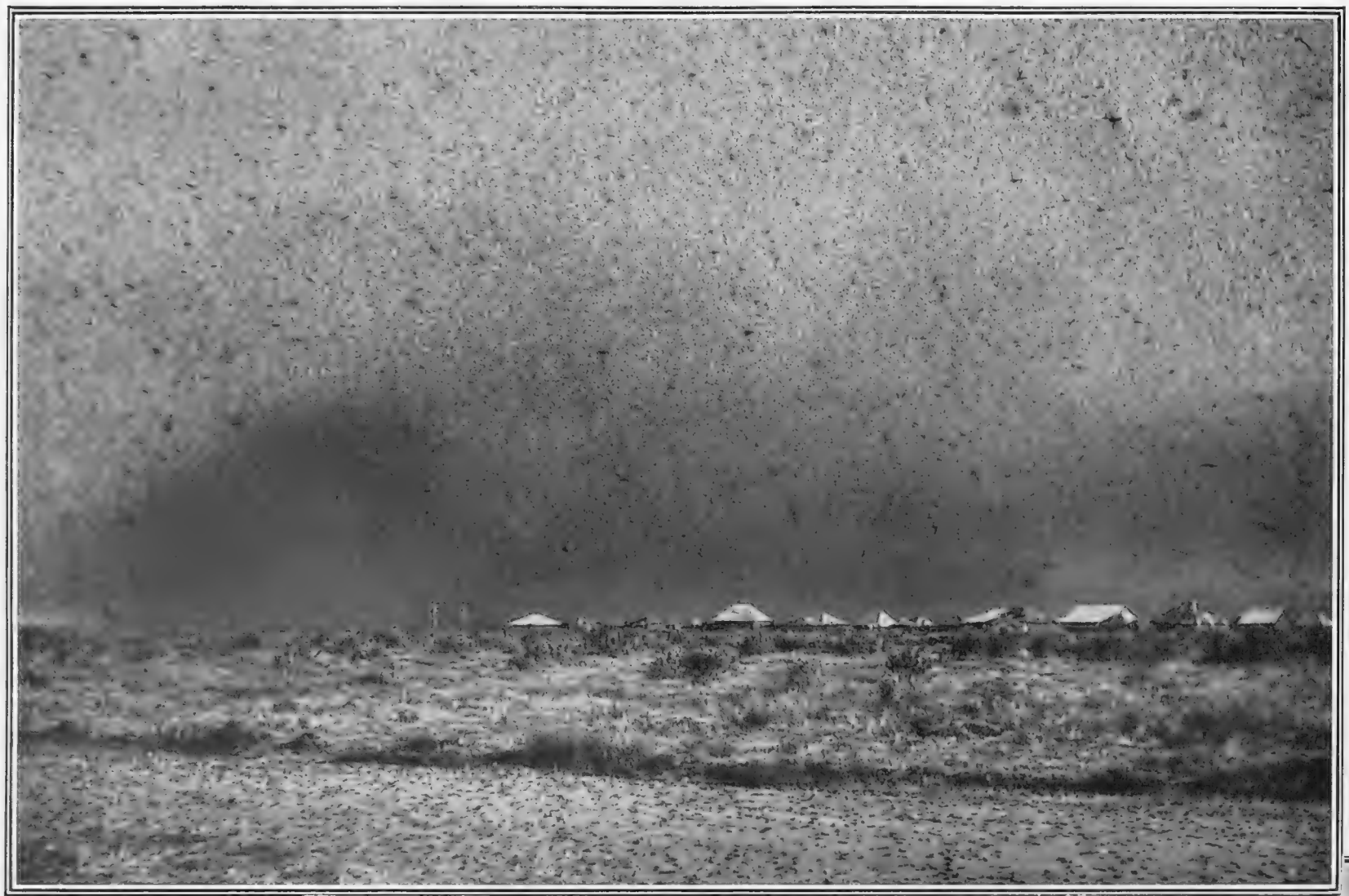


: No scene can match for peace and mystery
ll boat. The silver path made by the moonlight,
vater dripping from the oars combine to transfigure
into the realm of faery

NOCTURNE OF THE SEA: Silhouetted on the rock, two figures watch a boat moving over the starlit, moonlit sea

BLOSSOMS OF THE FOAM: A rough weather study at Lowestoft. The wind blowing the spume off the sea well on to the shore

NATURE NEWS *from* TWO CONTINENTS



"SO THAT THE LAND WAS DARKENED": This striking picture shows a small portion only of a vast swarm of locusts which passed over Gilgil, Kenya Colony. So gigantic was the swarm that it took an entire day to pass a given point. The ground and all vegetation were covered with the insects, and there were still so many that the blazing tropical sun was completely obscured. The large black spots are individual locusts flying closer to the camera than the main swarm. East African crops of maize and other grain—the stable industry of the district—have suffered severely this year from the plague. These, incidentally, were not desert locusts, but the variety styled "hairy-chested"

On right—A RARE CAPTIVE: The Hoazin, a denizen of South America. This picture was taken at the Zoo at Para, in the delta of the Amazon. It is a crested bird of curassow-like appearance, its tints being mainly olive with a yellowish crest. It is extremely delicate and is held as a great prize by any zoological institute fortunate enough to possess one. The London Zoo has just succeeded in obtaining a fine specimen

Picture by Ewing Galloway

EMOTIONS at the ZOO:

The point has recently been discussed as to how far animals can express emotion towards human beings and among themselves. Miss Silvia Baker, who has spent almost every day at the Zoological Gardens for the past twelve years to answer this interesting question, here gives observations from her own experience among the denizens of Regent's Park. It is evident that the power of expressing emotion towards human beings with any clarity is confined to the great cats, the monkeys, and a few other animals. The others find it very difficult to express any emotion towards humans

by

SILVIA BAKER

(Illustrations by the Author)

Among animals the emotional life of the chimpanzee is considered most closely to approximate to our own, his power of expression being infinitely greater than ours, for in any kind of excitement not only the face but the whole body is agitated. His mobile lips shoot out in a funnel to express pleading, and draw back baring the teeth in anger or fear. Moreover, the chimp's dense hair stands effectively on end in rage or terror. With this form of expression we cannot hope to compete. To show his despair he waves his arms above his head, an action permitted possibly to Sicilian actors but not to the average man. When friendly these apes hang round your neck, which behaviour on the part of the model is exceptionally trying to the artist.

In a rage chimpanzees behave like furious children. They bite everything within reach, hurl themselves on the ground, pound with both fists and, banging their foreheads on the floor, rumple and tear their hair, self-injury being a not unusual means of expressing dissatisfaction.

The emotional need of forgiveness is apparent, and in repentance they will press the fingers of their human friend to their lips.

Madame Abreu, who is rearing a colony of apes in Havana, has described most movingly the death of her favourite Cucusa: "A moment before she died she took my head in her two hands and kissed it very long. She saw that death was coming and was saying good-bye."

Maternal Affection: The chimpanzee in its most human guise

Mr. Cherry Kearton, speaking of the friendship of Toto, "that genius among apes," says: "If I was sad, Toto knew it, and instantly came to comfort me; if he was frightened, he ran like a child to my arms."

Chimpanzees jump for joy, and when they look at little children almost invariably they experience pleasure and grin; in doubt they scratch their heads; guilty, they hop from one foot to the other, and to express sorrow and regret they make the same sounds that we utter in like circumstances.

Though deprived of speech, with the voice they are able to whimper, cry, grunt, shout, scream and chatter.

Maternal emotion is enchanting to witness in all apes and monkeys. The three orangs at the Zoo, known as the Ginger family, provided an entertaining study. Mr. Ginger would sit solemnly, his hand on his wife's head as if in blessing, and she, while nursing the baby, would now and then snatch it up passionately and kiss its eyelids.

The tender emotions are not usually associated with the gorilla. One's mental image is coloured by the account of Du Chaillu wherein the "gorilla's huge teeth were grinding against each other; he gave out a roar that shook the woods like thunder, and beating his breast advanced towards us."

Wrath: The golden cat of Sumatra, with its suavely cruel smile

But there is another side to the picture. Ben Burbridge, the hunter, describing the transport of four gorillas to Europe, gives a heart-breaking account of the death of Mikeno. "I gave him into the arms of Quhalie, who received him in tenderest maternal solicitude. In the morning I found them wrapped in the same embrace, but Mikeno was dead. . . . Quhalie gave one long sobbing cry and buried her face in her hands."

The famous gorilla John Daniel, who used to come daily in a taxi to the Zoo, where he was on exhibition for a time, used to giggle and grin with delight when he played hide and seek with his keeper.

The vocal powers of expression in the gibbon have been studied and recorded by the French zoologist, Louis Boutan, with the aid of phonograph records, and certain definite words indicating hostility, friendliness, and satisfaction among other emotions have been noted.

Maternal emotion in monkeys is no less impressive than among the great apes. I have seen a Rhesus monkey, while she was nursing her baby, suddenly straighten her back, gaze hungrily at him, then bend down again and fiercely gather him to her afresh. The baby, in his tiny rages, was not above slapping her.

When friendly, a monkey jabbers soundlessly at you, then he often turns his back, and finally he indicates the area on his chest that he wishes you to scratch.

When excited their eyebrows move up and down; angry, their ears are often retracted (this is in order to protect the ears in a fight), and in sadness they have been seen to weep.

Humboldt's woolly monkey has a strictly personal method of making friends. He hides his face in his hands and pretends to cry. Among baboons one of the first signs of aggressiveness is an elaborate yawn. Possibly this is to let the enemy have a good view of the aggressor's teeth.

Monkeys excluded, the most remarkable powers of expression, facial, bodily, and vocal, in the animal kingdom seem to be given to the bear. His lips are remarkably mobile, with his voice he roars, howls, and whines, and the language of the waving paw, now appealing, now patronizing, is well known to his devoted public at the Mappin terraces.

The famous American bear, Christian, from the New York Zoo, would allow his trainer, Mr. Glass, to hold him down and half-throttle him, and then, in sheer affection, would sit on Mr. Glass's lap.

Lollopy, the much-beloved wolf at the London Zoo, once proved her affection for a human friend who was attacked by Klondyke, her mate. She rushed at Klondyke and dragged him away, so that the man was able to escape.

Maternal affection I have seen in an animal as stupid as the slow loris. I made a drawing of the mother after her young one had been taken from her. Motionless, grief-stricken, staring reproachfully into vacancy, her expression was heart-breaking.

The elephant, grief-stricken, has been seen to weep. Darwin quotes an account by Sir E. Tennent of the great beast prostrate and overpowered, uttering choking cries, the tears pouring down his cheeks.

In anger the rabbit stamps, the bison paws the ground, its tail up, the porcupine rattles its quills, and the black-buck plants down both forefeet and then springs.

The man-eating tiger on his arrival at the Zoo clawed up the wooden floor of his cage by way of expressing dissatisfaction. In his travelling cage when I tried to draw him, his electrical manner of spitting was so terrifying that, in spite of the intervening bars, I leapt into the air. The tiger, when pleased, however, emits a short snuffle and blinks his eye. Delighted to greet an old friend, he springs to and fro.

The male lion shows a certain amount of parental emotion. The lion house keeper has seen the lion, Pat, while playing with his cubs, suffer them to sit on his head.

Vanity in male birds during courtship is one of the most easily recognized emotions in birds. The contempt with which hen pheasants reply to the overweening displays of the male is enchanting to witness. The gorgeous male bears down on the females like a ship in full sail, while the dowdy brown hens resolutely turn their backs and wearily close their eyes.

Storks in courtship clatter their mandibles, cranes and some birds of paradise dance, while affectionate pelicans may be seen rubbing beaks.

The owl expresses anger and annoyance by swelling out his plumage. I have tried to draw Mutt and Jeff, the Zoo's great eagle owls. Every feather goes out at right angles to the body, and the wings and tail are extended. Twice their normal size, very intimidating, they sway and curtsey, and curse and swear.

The erection of feathers in game-cocks is cited by Darwin as a recognized sign of cowardice and terror. He gives also an example of fear, causing a canary to tremble, to become white about the base of the bill and to faint. Another of his stories concerns a flamingo in a cage who, terrified by a condor galloping round it, was seen to weep from apprehension

A friendly Bateleur eagle at the Zoo is accustomed to stand with lowered head near the bars, inviting caresses. Tickle him under the chin and he goes into a trance of ecstasy.

Lizards, too, like to be stroked under the chin, but not much pleasure is shown. Anger and courtship, however, have recognized forms of expression in reptiles.

The keeper of the reptile house reports that in the mating season the alligators produce a peculiar call, originating in the stomach. The little ones start, the others pick it up, and then old George chips in and literally shakes the house.

There was a remarkable exhibition of ferocity when the alligators were moved from the old reptile house to the new. Prodded with poles by the keepers to induce them to enter travelling boxes, they were lashing their tails, snapping their jaws and bellowing fearsomely. The Press, who were invited to view the scene, experienced all the sensations of a bull fight.

Samba and Surmbawa, the Zoo's Komodo dragons, when annoyed, arch their backs, lash their tails, open their mouths and spring.

Angry snakes vibrate their protruded tongues and the tips of their tails.

A new South American frog at the Zoo, when he is annoyed by being tickled, blows himself out and barks like a dog.

In courtship, lizards elevate their spines and dorsal crests and expand their throat pouches, while snakes produce a grating noise, rattling their scales.

Chameleons look ineffable things, virtuous when their eyes are turned upwards, meek as butter with the eyes cast down, and villainous when squinting, but the mind of the chameleon is a closed book.

Complain to the Director of the Aquarium that fish are not interesting, psychologically and emotionally, and he straightway becomes indignant and introduces you to the tiny South American fish, known as the blushing fish, that grows pink during its courtship.

Curiosity: A douroucouli — a small South American monkey with large eyes

Beatitude: A study of a youthful monkey

Drawn by D. MACPHERSON

THE DANGER OF THE DIVER: Clad in his heavy, jointed suit, the diver is circumscribed both in movement and vision. Should his air tube and telephonic wire be caught against the jagged metal, he is in jeopardy; if it be cut, he is lost

MODERN DIVING

As Exemplified in the Present Work on the S.S. "Artiglio"

Work is still in progress on the salvage of the P. and O. liner "Egypt," which was sunk off Ushant in 1922; but adverse weather conditions have incommoded the divers on board the "Artiglio" of late. Sun and calm are essential for diving operations to be successfully undertaken. Mr. David Scott has recently written a notable book, "Seventy Fathoms Deep," with the divers of the salvage ship "Artiglio" (Faber and Faber), excerpts from which explain the tasks those who go down to the sea from ships must undergo

In the last fifty years inventors have produced various forms of metal diving-dress intended for work at great depths. Until quite recently all these designs have been more or less unsuccessful, owing to the clumsiness and the unreliability of their movable joints under high pressures.

While the British designers were turning their backs on the jointed suit, a German firm, Messrs. Neufeldt and Kuhnke, of Kiel, began working on an articulated shell, with movable arms and legs, which has now proved successful in practice and is also used by the Sorima. It follows much the same lines as its predecessors, but is lighter and more compact. The secret of its success lies in the design of the flexible joints, which is really very simple. They work on ball bearings, with a minimum of friction, but each joint contains a ring of thin rubber which covers the small space between the working parts. The rubber ring is so placed that its edge slides over the oily steel surface of the joint, just as a man's eyelid slides over his eyeball. It is mounted at such an angle that the water, instead of forcing its way under the rubber, presses it down more tightly on the smooth steel. A safe waterproof joint, working with very little friction, is the result.

The *Artiglio* had on board, and probably has one at the present time, a special electric lamp of 1,000,000 candle-power, in a waterproof case fit to withstand heavy pressure, but it was always a source of trouble, for in spite of every device to keep it out water under pressure sooner or later found its way into the connections and short-circuited the current. Up to now, even at 400 ft. below the surface (the depth at which the *Egypt* lies) the Italian divers have always found it possible to work by daylight.

Queer phenomena have been observed by them. For instance, they can generally see better under a bright sky covered with a thin veil of cloud than under a naked, blazing sun, and they can see better in the early morning and afternoon, when the sun's rays lie at an angle, than at noon, when they are nearly vertical. As they go down from the surface the light, bright at first, gets steadily dimmer for about 50 ft., and then, very often, much dimmer for 20 ft. or so, after which it brightens again, but fades gradually as they go down. No doubt these changes are due to refraction and to layers of minute plant and animal life at different depths.

Let the reader think of his last visit to an aquarium and remember how soon the fishes, even in fresh water, faded out of his sight as they swam away from the glass. In sea water they vanish more quickly still. In the London Zoo, under the Mappin terraces, there is a place where you can look through thick windows into the bottom of the polar bears' pool and watch them diving. If you are ever lucky enough to catch them in their bath (which is about as green and soupy as the waters of the Gulf of Gascony), you will find that you see them only for a moment, when they come within a yard of the glass, and see them turn sharply only for the fraction of a moment, when they push inquiring muzzles against it. They come and go like a scene focused and unfocused on the ground-glass screen of a camera, by the fractional movement of a screw.

So the diver, groping his way on the sea-bed and stirring up the sand by his movements, is half-blind and can only guess at the outlines of the dim shapes about him. A wreck first appears to him as a dark wall shutting out part of the pale green world in which he moves. When he gets close to it, the blackness blots out all his vision, and then, as he comes right against the side of the ship's hull, he makes out details—a scuttle, a row of rivet-heads, a stanchion, a yard or two of taffrail, perhaps an anchor, a skylight, or the foot of a mast. To identify his ship he must get round to her bows or stern and read her name there (if it is not rusted over or cloaked with weed, as is most likely), or, remembering details of her structure from the models, plans, and photographs which he has studied on the surface, he must look for the characteristic bits of her one by one, and compare them with the picture which he carries in his head.

Once Gianni landed on the bottom close to the stern of the *Elizabethville*. At least he landed near one end of the wreck; and he recognized it as the stern by a propeller-blade which stuck up out of the sand in front of him.

In the heavy diving shell the diver could not walk about on the bottom; he could only move his legs just enough to shuffle along sideways, a few inches at a time, and his arms enough to bring his pincer-claws together and take hold of something directly in front of him. But he was talking all the time over the telephone to his mate, Mario, who prowled impatiently up and down on the deck of the *Artiglio* far above, with the ear-pieces over his head and the trumpet-like transmitter slung on his chest.

Gianni all this time hangs waiting in his shell, resting his weight on the little hard seat between the hollow-jointed legs of the monster, wriggling his toes up and down in the cast-steel hoofs, pulling his arms out of its arms and clasping his numbed hands round the hot canister of his respirator, for cold is the only serious discomfort he has to put up with, but the canister gets hot as the chemicals inside it absorb the poison from his outgoing breath. In three or four hours these chemicals will be saturated and he must come up to change them, but until then he can breathe the same air over and over again without discomfort, only renewing it now and then with a twist of the valve on his oxygen bottle. A small dial, just above his line of vision, tells him whether he is getting the right amount of oxygen, or too little or too much.

AN UNDERWATER WEAPON: A device which acts as an acetylene blow-pipe under the water

He hears no sound but the voices of his mates, the hiss of steam, and the rattle of the winches, floating down to him over the telephone, and now and then the intermittent buzzing of the *Artiglio's* wireless transmitter, coming to him clearly, by induction, through the sea. As he swings gently in the current and slowly creeps forward over the wreck he keeps a sharp look-out for any projecting ironwork or hanging rigging which might cut his telephone line or his cable, or both, or get his shell entangled in its grasp.

If he should stick fast under a stray projection and his mates should find it impossible to pull him up, he has still a chance—a poor chance—of escape. In a clip over his head is a key with which he can cast loose his entangled cable and telephone line and plug the gland through which they enter his shell. Then, if he is lucky, he can work himself clear, blow his ballast tank, and float to the surface. But, as I say, the chance is small. . . .

Just aft of the mast was a clear deck-space, under which the mail-room lay. In the deep-diving shell it is not possible for the diver to pass through doors and openings into enclosed spaces, dragging his lifting-line behind him, as he does in the rubber suit. The shell is too big and cumbersome for that. The diver must remain upright, suspended vertically from above. To enter a cabin or compartment he must drop into it as a sack of flour drops into a ship's hold, and he must first blow off the roof or deck above the place he wants to reach.

The rubber-suited diver never undertakes wholesale demolitions of this kind if he can help it. They need time and material, and make work very slow. It is one of the chief disadvantages of the steel diving-shell that with it demolition from above is nearly always necessary, even when doors and passages give clear entrance from the side.

AVIATION

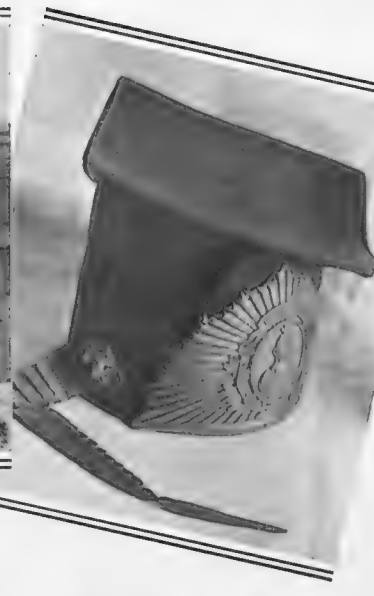
A SAFETY 'PLANE ON TEST AT CROYDON: The twin-engined light monoplane built on the monospar principle which saves weight. The design gives increased performance with slow landing and take-off. There is little danger from a "stall" as the machine will run on one engine if the other fails. A perfect view in almost every direction, eliminating the risk of collision, is ensured by the build of the body

THE RECORD BREAKER: Mlle Maryse Bastie, who broke the light 'plane record of 2,655 km. held by the U.S.A. with her flight of 2,889 km. from Le Bourget to Prino, near Nizhni Novgorod

FIGHTING DEFENDERS: No. 23 Fighter Squadron at Kenley—one of the units attached to Redland (i.e. London) in the mimic war against (Continental) Blueland

A TURN IN MID-AIR: One of the Hawker-Fury machines which formed the interceptor-fighter squadron—one of the units that distinguished itself in the recent air-war. The 'plane can ascend 20,000 ft. in nine minutes and goes at the staggering pace of between three and four miles a minute

THE HUNGARIAN TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT: Captain Endres and Lieutenant Alexander Magyar, who flew from Harbour Grace to within thirty miles of Budapest in their machine "Justice for Hungary," as a gesture to draw attention to the ill-state of their country under the Treaty of Trianon. They missed by thirty miles a prize offered to Hungarian aviators, for the first America to Buda flight, by Lord Rothermere



Special "Sphere" pictures

THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE WARRIOR POET: Newstead Abbey, bought for the Nation by Sir Julian Cahn and fittingly presented to the Nottingham Corporation by M. Venizelos. On right and left are the "dusty casque" and a flat-topped cap worn during his heroic era in Greece

BYRON HONOURED

And a Mammoth

By CECIL ROBERTS

by Clemence Dane

The presentation of Byron's ancestral home, Newstead Abbey, to the City of Nottingham brought M. Venizelos from Greece the other day. The impassioned speech which he delivered at the ceremony, in front of the historic Abbey, astonished not a few by its intensity of feeling. We in England are always a little surprised by the affection in which the memory of Byron is held on the Continent. In Greece his name is still a force, even in the remotest parts, where the unlettered peasantry know the legend of his life and death. I have been brought up in the Byron tradition. My first associations were with the scenes of Byron's boyhood. On his accession to Newstead, then almost a ruin, and while the legal position was being straightened out, he dwelt in a small house in Nottingham with his mother. That house still exists in the shadow almost of Nottingham Castle, and on the hill where, in 1642, Charles the First raised his standard and began the Civil War. Then the Byrons migrated to a house at Southwell, Notts, where for a time the young Byron dwelt with the family lawyer. The Nottingham episode could not have been a happy one. There was the quack who tortured Byron's foot in an attempt to effect a cure. There was the monstrous Mrs. Gray, in whose charge the boy was left while Mrs. Byron visited London. Poor Byron! Mr. Rogers, an American tutor, seeing pain on the face of the ten-year-old child, found that it was caused by the maltreatment of the quack, one Lavender, who was twisting the child's foot and screwing it tightly into one of his contrivances. After her journeys to London Mrs. Byron succeeded in getting a Civil List pension of £300 a year. Newstead was quite inhabitable for the time. Their first view of the Abbey had filled them with delight. Its graceful Gothic end, a ruin, rose grey against a grey sky, appealing to that melancholy in the young poet's nature. The servants turned out to welcome him, the dependants of the last Lord Byron, an old misanthrope, who walked about the place with a pistol in each pocket. When they inspected the house Mrs. Byron saw it was quite impossible as a dwelling. Walls, roof, and floors were in ruins. When old Lord Byron died, wicked Lord Byron as he was known, for he had killed his neighbour, Chaworth, in a duel and should have been hanged for murder, the crickets left the building in battalions as though they were his evil genius. So to Nottingham Mrs. Byron went, with her son, and a total income of £150 a year.

Towards the end of his minority, Byron came into money and found he could live at Newstead Abbey, for which he had a passion. He furnished a bedroom and sitting-room and almost camped in the midst of his splendid ruin. He celebrated his majority there and roasted an ox in the courtyard for his servants, and even gave a ball. With his Cambridge friends and the revels they held there the legend of a new wicked Lord Byron began to grow up, but he was off and away on his travels before the scandal became firmly rooted. Even in that short period he had had a passionate and hopeless love affair with Mary Chaworth and had written a book of verses that had brought him fame overnight. Meanwhile he was expressing his curious nature. He had kept a mistress, a girl of humble birth, dressed in man's clothes, whom he passed off as his brother. He had rented a house facing the Pavilion at Brighton, a lair for his casual amours, and was intimate with Jackson the bruiser.

He blew hot and cold over Newstead. At one time it was the dearest passion of his heart, at another he was ready to give it away.

Byron was fortunate in nothing except his verse and his death. He ended his erratic, disorderly life in circumstances that unwittingly made him a national hero. Had he lived, a portly and elderly Adonis, shedding successive mistresses in the capitals of Europe, there would have been no Byron legend. There would have been no ceremony at Newstead. Nature has a curious way of tricking men into immortality. For it is not his verse that keeps his name alive to-day. The legend is greater than the man's work.

We owe the saving of Newstead Abbey to Sir Julian Cahn. It was well worth saving. It is, with the restorations made by successive owners, a noble pile. The last occupants, the Frasers, carefully preserved the Byron associations, even the furniture, against the inroads of death duties and taxation, but they were compelled finally to let off part of the Abbey and it is now divided into a number of flats. Sir Julian Cahn with admirable public spirit came along and rescued the remainder of the Abbey from the threat of the flat converter, and Mr. Ian Fraser nobly made a gift of the Byron furniture. Byron worshippers can now visit their shrine, a very lovely one, in a superb English setting, without fear of a desecrating hand. It is a singular thing that this salvation should come at the hands of one with no literary traditions or interests. Sir Julian Cahn's passion is cricket, his own eleven is known on most English pitches. He has in no sense any connection whatever with the Byron tradition. Almost out of the sky his hand has descended and rescued Newstead Abbey for the nation. He did it swiftly, with dignity and an absence of fuss, and in inviting M. Venizelos to perform the ceremony he paid Byron the most fitting compliment. The uneasy ghost would have shook with rage at the spectacle of a British politician or "literary bloke" mouthing eulogies on his ancestral soil. One slightly disapproving shade was there, I am sure. Livingstone lived for eight months at Newstead, and neither he nor his hosts, the Webbs, approved of the poet and his carryings on. For did he not build a tombstone to the memory of a dog over the old high altar of the Abbey, and in a drunken revel with his friends drink out of a human skull? Not quite a nice person, certainly.

Byron sold his property to a Harrow acquaintance for £90,000, a surprisingly large sum in those days. I do not know what it has cost to bring it back to his memory, but every lover of England and English literature has reason to be grateful to Sir Julian Cahn and Mr. Ian Fraser.

The long, the longer, the longest novel—that seems to be the pace set by some of our novelists. I believe Messrs. Heinemann started it with a sudden gathering together of the Forsytes into one volume. They followed the success of this mass attack with *The Good Companions*. Since then every publisher has tried to go bigger and better, but until Mr. Dreiser resigns from his voluminous histories of disagreeable people, the English novelist can scarcely hope to stay the course. The latest recruit to the read-till-you-faint school is Miss Clemence Dane, who has given us the complete history of a theatrical family for over two hundred years. In *Broome Stages* (Heinemann. 8s.) we are presented to the succession of Broomes who fascinated and swayed the British public, owned theatres, married into a ducal family, and successfully bridged the yawning gulf between county and stage. Now there is no virtue, as so many think, in a novel merely because it is long. A big book is not necessarily a great book, and good small books are much harder to write than long bad ones. I suspect that some novelists have detected the laziness of those critics who, unable to wade through an interminable story, decline the task of analysis and lapse into undisciplined praise. I have noticed, in at least one instance, that a critic has regarded *Broome Stages* as a masterpiece, while confessing that he has not read it. I have read it, every line. Again and again I stuck, and taking courage in the knowledge that Miss Dane suddenly achieves surprising flights, plodded on. She has handicapped herself severely by the monotony of her theme. Her large gallery of characters never leaves the theatre. Miss Dane has a masterly grip over Shakespeare, but scene after scene comes back to a Broome interpreting the great dramatist, and it creates weariness in the reader's mind. There is high drama, as in the incident of the Broome driven out of the theatre by his son, and who attended the latter's gala night with a couple of revolvers. He intended shooting his son if he failed to sustain the Broome tradition, and himself if he surpassed it. But these notes of high drama are too rare, and the swift succession of characters breaks a true continuity. Needless to say, the story is always well-written. Miss Dane is too skilled a writer to suffer lapses, but I feel I would rather know all about one Broome than have an outline of ten of them. It is a good book, a long book, but it conveys to me no historical pageant through its two hundred years, and leaves me with no attachment to any one of its characters. As a tapestry of which I admire the industry and the design, I feel no intimate pleasure in the story unfolded or the features delineated. Such is my opinion, but a lady to whom I passed the book weighed it in her hand delightedly and exclaimed: "Clemence Dane—oh, I could read a ton of her!" Could any author desire more?

Art *in* Scotland *and Elsewhere*

THE ULSTER HERO: The great figure of Lord Carson to be erected in front of the new Parliament House in Belfast. It is the work of Mr. L. S. Merrifield and is 13 feet in height. The figure was moulded in the nude—the clothes being applied later

Ian Smith

ARTIST AND EXPLORER: Mr. W. G. Burn Murdoch at work in his studio. This noted Scottish artist has just held a very successful one man show in Edinburgh. His range extends from Greenland to Paris, from the Arctic to Mandalay; genre pictures, street scenes and ballrooms, come alike to him, portraits of kings and beggars, of wild beasts and tame are executed with the same facile and versatile skill. His media include fresco, sculpture, oil, water-colour, etching and lithography

ARTIST AND ARTISTE: Douglas Fairbanks, junior, is an enthusiastic amateur of art, and away from the film studio he is known as a brilliant caricaturist. He also goes in for macabre *Doré-esque scenes some of which hang on his wall*

Ian Smith

SCOTTISH "HEARTS OF OAK": Two of the twenty-four statuettes which have recently been placed in the Scottish National Military and Naval Museum. Carved in Scots oak, they have been wrought coloured by the distinguished sculptor, Mr. C. Pilkington Jackson. The series, when completed, will consist of eighty-three statuettes, showing the dress of the Scottish regiments from 1633–1918. Above—*Privates of the Sutherland Highlanders (1854) and the Gordon Highlanders (1796) are seen*

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

BY PHILIP PAGE

THE FRIEND OF THE FAMILY: Miss Diana Wilson in Apron Strings, *the American farce turning on the conflict between Victorian maxims and Georgian manners, at the Vaudeville*

"Apron Strings."

The season has died and the theatrical season with it, the expiring throes of the latter producing only one play, and that a farce of no great merit but of some individuality—*Apron Strings*, which has reached the Vaudeville via America. London is now plentifully supplied with farces—*It's a Boy*, *Turkey Time*, and *What Woman Wants*. None of these, least of all the last, in spite of its title, is concerned with sex. Very few farces, in fact, are so concerned; for sex is not a matter of bed-room scenes, and respectable aldermen found in doubtful restaurants, and somebody's underwear, and a mistake about a baby, though that has been the material for farce, "daring" and otherwise, for forty years and more. *Apron Strings* has, however, the non-performance of marital duties—the i's are dotted with a much larger dot than this on the stage of the Vaudeville, as its central theme. It is, therefore, definitely unpleasant. It is just as definitely amusing. Many people would call it vulgar and doubtless have. But it would be more vulgar if it left more to the imagination. So many plays are vulgar because they only suggest and are too "genteel" to go the whole hog, thus becoming as irritating as the middle-aged lady who pours water into a quarter of a glass of claret until it becomes pale amethyst-colour, takes one sip, and says with a giggle, "Now I feel quite tipsy!"

The strong-minded woman with a passion for moral and mental uplift, and for writing books about it, is a more familiar figure in America than she is here. So, too, is the son of that type, the clean-souled, rather stupid youth, whom the mother rules completely. In this case her influence is even posthumous. "The soothing effect when you hear next day that your mother-in-law is dead," sang Lewis Sydney in the old Follies. The effect was not soothing on the young wife, played with a certain hard brilliance by Miss Ursula Jeans, for the old lady had left her writings behind for the guidance of her son in his marriage. I can only hint that on a vital aspect they did not harp, save to urge asceticism. Her son was a timid and witless person, anyway; his wife was over-sexed. Thus did the little play proceed to its embarrassing but not unamusing end, helped by some bright lines and rather spoiled in its skill by the introduction of alcohol as a *deus ex machina*.

Mr. Kenneth Kove, with his vacant face, piping voice, and general air of awkward immobility, was obviously born to play parts like this. They kept him at them for years at the Aldwych and if ever he had any ambition to be blithe and mercurial he will have to drop it now, for he is likely to be engaged to the end of his days to play what have already come to be known as "Kenneth Kove parts"—and nothing else. He will never be out of work, which in these difficult times is some compensation for the bottling up of a possible versatility.

A clever performance came from Miss Henrietta Watson—Mr. Kove's part almost played itself, but Miss Watson needed all her very large stock of skill—and Mr. Joseph Coyne fussed about with good-natured charm as the lawyer and friend of the family, who brought the young couple together again by seeing to it that the youth disobeyed his mother and obeyed Nature instead. Of course, such a wife would never have fallen in love with such a man, but one does not have to be too meticulous in farce, even in such a pathological specimen as this one.

Since, by the way, *Apron Strings* was almost the only new play produced in the space of a fortnight or so, I could not help thinking, quite irrationally, what a pity it was that more care had not gone in the rehearsal and production of it. It gave me the impression of having been chosen on one day, rehearsed the following day, and presented to the public the next night.

This is not an isolated instance of carelessness, real or apparent, in the theatre. Play after play shows actors or actresses ignorant of their lines and "fluffing" badly, scenic hitches, mistakes over music cues, if the play be a musical one, and the curtain falling half-an-hour later than it should, and sometimes falling in the wrong place. Even when a piece has had a preliminary provincial run such mishaps occur. They should not occur. There is no excuse for them. There never is any excuse for inefficiency in any trade or profession. When the theatre had practically a monopoly of public entertainment this carelessness did it less harm. Now it has a rival in the cinema, which, above all things, is amazingly, often damnably, efficient. I grant that in the films the human element does not enter to anything like the same extent, for if a mistake is made during the "shooting" of an episode in a film-play, so many feet of film are scrapped and the thing is taken all over again. But that should make the theatre more careful and not, as it seems, less so.

That cinema theatres are allowed to be open on Sundays and not legitimate theatres (whether or no they really are allowed to be, nobody seems to know, but at any rate they *are* open) is a piece of gross injustice. But too much can be made of the point. I agree with Sir Alfred Butt's lament over the "stranglehold of the film octopus," etc., and his plea for Sunday opening for the stage. Who with even the most elementary sense of the fairness of things could fail to agree? Yet the theatre will not live by Sunday opening alone. It needs a good deal more than that to save it. It needs in the first place to be saved from itself. In addition to the carelessness I have just mentioned (for it is widespread, and the Vaudeville farce must not be made a scapegoat) there is the production, for certain ulterior motives, of wretchedly poor plays, which have no hope of success. Failures there must always be, but each play that is futile and exasperatingly foolish hits the theatre generally.

Further, there is the neglect of opportunity. At the moment of writing, twenty-two theatres in London are closed and dates of reopening are few and far distant. But the picture-palaces are all of them open. How many of them are making money I do not pretend to know: I only know that a closed cinema is as rare as a dead donkey. The theatre seems to be back in Edwardian, or even Victorian times when London in August really was a wilderness so far as the theatre-going public was concerned, when West-End mansions drew their blinds, swathed their furniture with brown holland, and tied up crystal chandeliers in dust sheets. The time has gone when the only people with spending capacity seen in London at this season of the year were those who were passing through. Then the handful of theatres which remained open were ample for all needs. Now, with American visitors, with residents who cannot afford prolonged holidays, with the inhabitants of many of those dust-sheeted mansions living in flats instead (and living in them all the year round, too), there is as large and as eager a public for good plays and new plays in August and September as there is in May or June. There is no "holiday season" for the London theatre of 1931.

Mr. C. B. Cochran says that the public taste for the theatre is high and growing higher, and that there is a managerial danger of under-estimating it. That is true. The longest run in London to-day—*The Barretts of Wimpole Street*—is an intellectual play with a strong literary flavour and no pandering whatever to sensationalism. That taste must be fed. One cannot, of course, keep up a continual supply of plays of fine quality. But to shut more than one half of London's theatres and to keep them shut for week after week is simply giving up the battle and handing victory to the enemy on a silver salver.

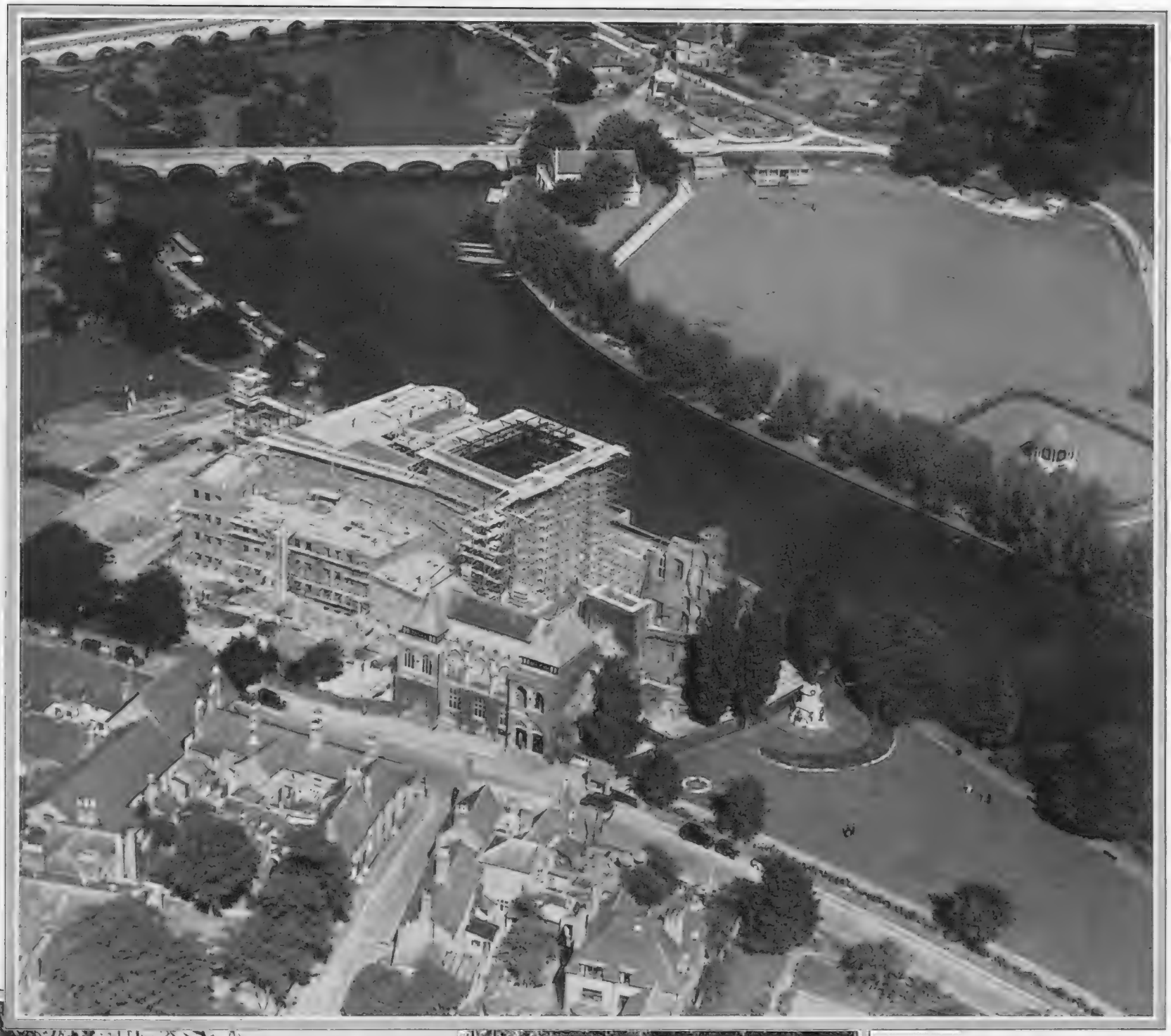
"The Life Machine."

The Arts Theatre keeps up its high level. Gratifyingly elevated though public taste is for the most part (and there is no sarcasm here), *The Life Machine* is, however, rather too far up above the snow line. It shows the history of a girl of great sensitiveness married to a man of coarser fibre, whom she loathes. Her mother had forced the marriage, and what we see in this play is something akin to scenes in a torture chamber, the torture being that of the mind. The author, Miss Sophie Treadwell, has been clever and her people are real people. But there was really very little drama here and only the admirable acting of Miss Mary Grein and Mr. David Horne saved the play from enveloping everything and everybody in a miasma of almost unbearable depression.

A GAIETY GIRL: Miss Vera Bryer, one of the stars of the latest Laddie Cliff venture, The Millionaire Kid

BRIDE, GROOM, AND DEUS EX—SPIRITU! *Mr. Hunniwell (Mr. Joseph Coyne) cures Mr. Curtis (Mr. Kenneth Kove) of putting his faith in the posthumous maxims of his uplift journalistic mother instead of in the charms of his bride (Miss Ursula Jeans) by feeding him, not with the water to which his fish-like temperament is accustomed, but neat whisky!*

The SHAKESPEARE Memorial THEATRE



TO THE MASTER POET OF THE WORLD: An aerial picture of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, to which the world has subscribed. In it the great plays will be produced with the aid of the most up to-date mechanical devices, and yet amid the surroundings which were his early as his latter inspirations. Below the scaffolded portion in the above view is part of the old Memorial Theatre which survived the fire. The farthermost of the two bridges is the famous Clopton Bridge over the retention *in statu* of which such controversy has raged. The theatre will, it is hoped, be opened at the birthday festivities next April

On left—HONOURING A COMMON POET: Twenty-four boys from the Riverdale School, New York, who are touring England on bicycles and playing baseball at some of the great schools. After visiting Cheltenham College they cycled to Stratford-on-Avon, where they spent the night under canvas. Ten of the group are seen on left watching work on the new Shakespeare Memorial Theatre

The SPHERE of TRAVEL: SOME IDEAS FOR AUGUST

Holland: The famous island of Marken in the Zuyder Zee is a favourite resort among visitors for its picturesque costumes and old-world charm. The huge cost of reclaiming the *polders* renders it now very unlikely that the southern section of the great basin will be reclaimed. A comfortable route to Holland is from Harwich to the Hook by the night service steamers of the L.N.E.R.

Shakespeare Country: Warwickshire is one of the beauty counties of England and it has superb associations. Welcombe House at Stratford-on-Avon, with 50 acres of grounds, has recently been acquired by the L.M.S., and has just been formally opened as an hotel

Yorkshire: Harrogate is one of the finest centres in England for touring and sight-seeing. Exceptionally well equipped in hotels of the greatest comfort, it also offers lovely gardens and gives immediate access to the exquisite moorland scenery. In the valleys, silver with streams, are some of the loveliest abbey ruins of the country. On left is a vista in the Royal Hall Gardens, Harrogate; on right Fountains Abbey, a few miles distant from Harrogate

SWITZERLAND

The Matterhorn Climb described by an Expert

The climber who wishes to ascend the Matterhorn in the tracks of its conquerors, Edward Whymper and Leslie Stephen, must take his time; it does not do to rush from the railway station at Zermatt to the fruit shop and the general store and then to throw oneself impatiently at the mountain. He should pass a quiet afternoon at Zermatt, spend a fine evening along some byway, and reserve a room in a hotel having a south window, through which the "Lion of Zermatt" may look uninterruptedly the entire night. He thereby creates for himself a certain psychological preparation for his forthcoming feat of endurance. Personally I was not lucky enough to get a room with a south window, but before turning in I did not fail to cast a last glance on the stupendous mountain, peacefully illuminated by the pale light of the moon.

The next morning large drops of rain commenced to fall from a lightly-clouded sky. But, thought I, this kind of weather soon changes and sunshine will follow, as I packed up my things and commenced to climb.

At a height of 9,842 ft. there is a hotel, built and maintained by the Municipality of Zermatt, and next to it a hut of the Swiss Alpine Club. There I met my guide, just at the moment when the last rays of the setting sun were falling on the high Alpine range. Thereafter, the whole panorama became wrapped in the mantle of starlit night, points of light glimmered in the valley, and the full moon rose to complete the wonderful scene. And we slept cheek by jowl with the most imposing mountain in the world.

It seemed a pity that picks clanked and mountain boots clattered shortly after midnight; but, after all, we had not climbed so far just to sleep. There were, in all, five parties ready to set out; these went forward one after another into the dark, to embark on their attack on the Matterhorn.

The weather did not seem exactly propitious; a cold wind whistled over the edge and the stars were mostly concealed behind vapoury clouds. But as the sun commenced to animate the mountains and the eastern horizon became rippled with red, the diaphanous vapours were dissipated. A short distance above the present hut are the ruins of the old refuge, whence the path rises easily; one follows the ridge, deviating now and then a little to the left, soon to regain the outer edge of the ridge where there is no risk from falling rocks.

Half-way to the peak we find the Solvay refuge, where one may shelter in the event of change of weather, accidents, and nightfall, but where, under normal conditions, only a short stop is permitted. It is usual to remain here merely a few minutes because, in the meantime, day has dawned. The character of the ascent now completely alters, for whereas the climb from the Hôtel Belvedere to the Solvay refuge is chiefly over loose rock, there is now a short track over snow on the so-called "shoulder." Thick and strongly-secured ropes assist one along over the precipitous sections where, in 1865, four Matterhorn conquerors (Lord Douglas, the Rev. Hudson, Mr. Hadlow, and the guide, Michel Croz) lost their footing and fell over the precipice. After leaving the "shoulder" behind and standing at the foot of the defiant "roof" one must call a short halt and take a glance over the precipice, which falls vertically more than 3,000 ft. in a series of bare walls to the Matterhorn Glacier, the grave of Whymper's companions, where the yawning gaps have engulfed many an unfortunate. To be overtaken here by a thunderstorm, I thought, must be extremely unpleasant, and I bade my guide start the attack on the "roof." This makes little appeal to Alpine skill, but is a considerable tax on one's muscular strength. Strong ropes are suspended down the extraordinarily steep ridge and one pulls oneself up rapidly by this means, whilst the visitors at the Mont Cervin and Zermatterhof hotels amuse themselves through the telescope at our rope-dancing. At any rate, they had to get up early as it is only just six o'clock.

To stand on the most coveted peak of the high Alps inspires an overpowering sensation, and no one who has lost his heart to the mountains can withstand the call of this peak. This fact has been admitted by the foremost Alpinists of all times.

We did not remain at the top for long because a penetrating wind howled over the mountain and threatened to hurl us off the ridge. But we did not fail to observe the imposing view which is typical and unique in that everything to north, south, east, and west is imperiously dominated by the haughty mountain.

The Matterhorn trip, which took exactly seven hours from the hut to the peak and back, ended at the Schwarzsee (Black Lake). Here we lunched, with the gleaming white glaciers as neighbours and the imposing Titan rising nearby in incomparable grandeur. We remained at its foot the whole afternoon and only descended when the light commenced to fade, sublimely conscious of an undying friendship made with the mountain of mountains.

Walter Schmidt

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

LIVING TABLEAUX OF BRIGHTON: Lady Head as Queen Victoria at the rehearsal of living tableaux of past and present characters of Brighton. The magnificent frock is richly embroidered and with it is worn a shawl of delicate black lace

AT THE GUARDS' CHAPEL: The bride, Miss Cecilia Ellice, greeting a friend at her marriage to Sir Hugh Cholmeley *Above right:* THE NEW BEACH PYJAMAS FROM PARIS: The trousers are composed of white silk and the coat and sash of silk also, in a blue and white plaid design

A CLEVER ACTRESS-MANAGERESS: Miss Helena Pickard, of the Grafton Theatre, hopes shortly to play in "East Lynne" in the costume of the period

On left: A CHARMING TRIO: (From left) Lady Diana Shedden, the Hon. Mrs. Greenall, and Mrs. Kingscote at the summer tournament of the Beaufort Polo Club. (Above) Mme. Maggy Milhomme, winner of a competition in France for tourist boats, on board her boat, "Timour II."

A ROYAL TENNIS ENTHUSIAST: The picture shows Princess Maria Cristina playing in a tennis match organized by the ex-King and Queen of Spain in the grounds of their new home at Fontainebleau

THE ROYAL GARDEN PARTY: An artistic study of guests entering the grounds of Buckingham Palace at the Constitution Hill gate for the Royal Garden Party. Frocks of flowered chiffon and quaint muslin were favoured by many of the women present, whilst the floppy-brimmed hat and the chic bowler vied with each other for popularity in the millinery world

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

THIS *HAT* QUESTION

Lady Irene Cubitt arriving at the Royal Garden Party in one of the newest hats

A black tricorne hat provided a chic finish to the charming ensemble worn by Miss Bunbury at the Royal Garden Party

This very attractive version of the newest style of millinery was favoured by another guest at Buckingham Palace

Another example of fashion's amazing craze—the bowler hat

It is just about two years ago since the fashion world suddenly awoke from its time of tranquil slumber and blazed forth with the disturbing news that our uniform-like clothes were to be cast aside and that we must array ourselves once again in frills and furbelows. Immediately there was strong consternation in the feminine camp and conversation speculated as to the future popularity and practicability of the new vogue. But now that is all done and past and to-day we are content to bid farewell to leg and ankle alike — we have even almost ceased to remember the "good old days" when three yards of material and a needle and cotton provided us with a chic ensemble in the space of a few hours.

But fashion is never content to remain in the background for very long, and so once again has provided us with a new and startling topic of conversation . . . Hats! . . . and what a furore these bowlers and their variants have created.

But alas! for the fickle fancies of this world . . . the poor bowler is fast killing itself by its own popularity. In its place has come the tricorne, the bicorne and the boater and many other chic versions and the only remembrance we shall soon have left to us of the bowler that lived and died so quickly is the gay, insouciant tilt of the hat of to-day.

And, meanwhile, we are left eagerly waiting news of what Paris is preparing for us to-morrow.

M. D.

On right—A bicorne hat in emerald felt, trimmed with minoche pads and piped round the edges with a narrow black band. From Debenham and Freebody

The illustrations immediately above show the wrong (in centre) and right way of wearing the modern hat. It should be worn at an exaggerated angle and tilted well over the right eye

This style of millinery is proving itself a popular successor to the bowler. The model above is composed of royal blue felt and trimmed with a self-coloured wing. Debenham and Freebody

This is obviously the wrong angle at which to wear the charming hat shown on the left. The wing must be placed over the right eye and the hat tilted over the face

EVENING FROCKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS: The smart gown on the extreme left is carried out in a clinging crêpe material and embroidered with crystal. It is obtainable in white, black and pastel shades at the price of **6 guineas.** (2) A dinner gown for the small woman made of georgette in black and many attractive colours, price **8½ guineas.** (3) A picture dress in taffeta and net, price **7½ guineas.** (4) An evening gown in beige lace over crêpe de chine in black and a variety of fashionable shades, price **98/6.** (5) A white satin evening gown, price **12½ guineas.**

THESE CHIC EVENING GOWNS ARE OBTAINABLE FROM MARSHALL & SNELGROVE, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1, and can be sent on approval.

The PETROL World

By A. Percy Bradley

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

SUPERCHARGERS.—Many many months ago I made a few comments in THE SPHERE regarding the value of a supercharger to an ordinary touring car. This particular accessory first of all came to us through the air in so much as it made its appearance in connection with an internal combustion engine whilst the latter was fitted to an aeroplane during the war. The motor-racing world then took it up, and although everyone is agreed that it enables the engine to give off far more power for its size than would otherwise be the case, opinions are very divided as to whether it has any practical use for the ordinary touring motor-car. Every race worth mentioning is won by a supercharged car, so that there is no question whatever that it does really deliver the goods. At the same time its reputation as regards reliability is not too good, but to-day I think I am safe in saying the supercharger in the racing world does not give anything like the mechanical trouble it gave in the past.

The general public have, however, very little idea as to what a supercharger is or does. In short, it is a kind of blower which forces mixture into the combustion chambers at a distinct pressure, so that even at high speeds they get as it were a really good "feed." It is often thought that it is only at a high rate of speed that a supercharger can make any appreciable difference in the power of the engine, and at the same time it is supposed by many to make an unpleasant noise which no user of a sedate and dignified saloon would tolerate for one moment. We are also told that if more power is required the obvious way to obtain it is to increase the size of the engine and avoid any complications which a supercharger might introduce.

My car which has a supercharger fitted has now been driven between 13,000 and 14,000 miles. I defy anyone even at this stage of its life to detect the presence of the supercharger by means of their ears. I have never paid any attention whatever to it, and except for the oil which I mix with the petrol it has never had any attention for lubricating purposes. The previous twelve months I drove exactly the same car without a "blower," and so I know that its acceleration has been changed almost beyond recognition and that its maximum speed has been put up by over 10 m.p.h., but neither of these are points which I wish to stress, because I could probably achieve the same results by means of a larger straightforward engine. The supercharger, however, has two qualities unique to itself: it converts a 4-cylinder into a six, and it allows the owner to become as lazy as he likes without impairing the apparent efficiency of his engine. It does not seem to matter whether the cylinders require de-coking, whether the valves are badly worn or out of adjustment, the car still seems to go just as well as ever. Another point which I would like to stress is that the car is far more docile and lady-like than the previous model I bought. It will amble along on top-gear at 5 m.p.h., and will pull almost miraculously at low engine revs.

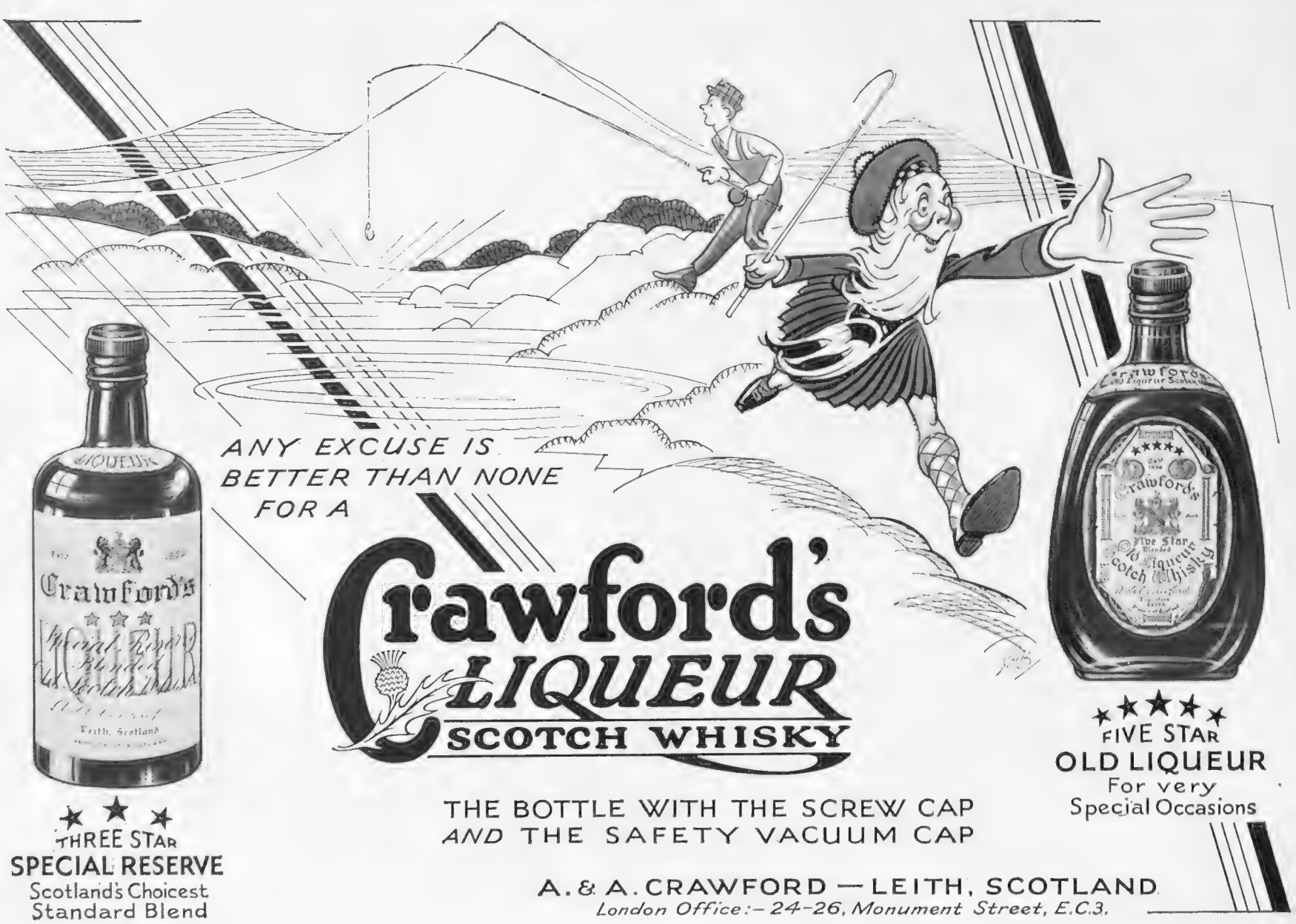
Before I had this actual experience with a "blown" car I was strongly of the opinion that superchargers would never become a standard fitting on a touring model, but I have now completely altered my opinion and am convinced that in the course of time no car will be without one. If any reader has a friend who owns a supercharged car and it gives trouble, let me assure him that the trouble is not due to the supercharger because it is a supercharger, but because it has not been properly applied or fitted.

IN SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY: The distinguished and elegant lines of the new Lincoln model are set off to great advantage against the picturesque cottages of Shottery, where Ann Hathaway was courted by the master dramatist of all time

FREE TRAVEL IN THE FREE STATE.—A valuable concession has been secured for motorists proposing to tour in the Irish Free State. The R.A.C. announces that in future it will not be necessary to make any cash deposit in connection with the issue of triptyques, a banker's guarantee for the full amount of the duty now being acceptable.

The R.A.C. announces that arrangements are being made for a special air liner to fly from London to Belfast for the R.A.C. Tourist Trophy race on Saturday, August 22 next. The liner will be of the latest three-engine type, and will call at Liverpool on both the out and home journeys. It will have accommodation for twenty passengers. The service is being organized by British Air Transport, Ltd., Central Hall, Croydon Aerodrome, to whom all inquiries should be addressed.

Congratulations are due to the Riley Motor Company on account of one of their cars winning one of the two classes in the recent German Grand Prix. Eighteen cars of foreign manufacture did their utmost to carry off the coveted honours, but in spite of the handicap of driving under appalling conditions of rain and mist on a totally unfamiliar track having innumerable bends and gradients, Mr. Froy, piloting a British Riley, came home the winner. This is not the first time that the Riley Motor Company have upheld the honour and dignity of the British motor industry abroad. The pity is that other British manufacturers are not enterprizing enough to assist them in this very valuable work.



OUT OF THE VERY HEART OF ENGLAND
THE CAR THE PUBLIC WANTS *IS HERE!*

Out of the rich experience of twenty-eight years of continuous motor-car manufacture—out of thousands of pounds spent in research—out of the brains of the finest designers, the craftsmanship of famous engineers—**four new mechanical wonders have emerged** . . . A new series of cars built to meet the economic conditions of to-day . . . A new series of cars—high in comfort and performance, **yet sensationally low in price and running costs** . . . Surely no cars have ever been launched with greater confidence than these new Standard models! : . . For, are they not just what the public **wants**—what they have **waited for**? . . . **To-day Standard announce their 1932 models!**

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A car is made . . . to seat four grown-up people in roomy comfort . . . to give a comfortable maximum speed of 56 miles an hour . . . to hold the road with the steadiness of much larger cars . . . *to run for over 40 miles on a single gallon of petrol.*

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{For full descriptions and road tests of all models see July 31 issue of the "Autocar."}

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A still more spacious model of the Standard "Envoy," with all its magnificent luxury—coachbuilt for £325! This model is built for the motorist who requires a really large car. Yet good looks have not been sacrificed to size, you have to look inside to realise the roominess of this great comfortable car. All models this year are upholstered in furniture hide, seats are deeply cushioned and a wealth of equipment and appointments supplied.

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Write for a wonderful new catalogue to the Standard Motor Co. Limited, Canley, Coventry.

THE SPHERE

HOLIDAY *in* EAST AFRICA

OF TRAVEL

Thirty years ago the portions of Africa comprised in Kenya Colony and Uganda were practically unexplored. To-day there are railways and a great network of roads over the more southern portions of these territories, and great efforts have been made to facilitate travel.

Formerly administered by the Imperial East African Company, touring, prior to 1896, was difficult in Kenya and Uganda.

However, all this has been changed since the administration was taken over by the Imperial Government and the railway was constructed to Uganda. This has to-day removed all difficulties, and from the original line, which was known as the Uganda Railway running from Mombasa to Lake Victoria, have been thrown out various branch lines which now form the railway system of the Uganda Railway and Harbour Administration. Nowadays all the principal areas of the Kenya Highlands can be reached by rail. The steamer services, too, on the vast lakes of Victoria, Kioja, and Albert have been developed, and other through services to Tanganyika Territory and the Sudan, a connection having been arranged with the Sudan Government, and Nile steamers take one to Khartoum and Egypt. Nevertheless, much of the romance and unexpectedness of travel in Kenya and Uganda still exist.

People in increasing numbers to-day make a tour of the more civilized parts of Kenya and Uganda, often ultimately finding their way into the Sudan and down the Nile to Khartoum and Cairo.

Chief among the most attractive characteristics of Kenya Colony and Uganda are the fine climate of the hill districts, the scenery, the variety of the agricultural products, and the big game shooting available.

Strange as it may seem, although one is in East Africa, which is associated in most people's minds with a climate distinguished for tropical heat, there are magnificent ranges of mountains, the highest peaks of which, including Kilimanjaro, nearly 20,000 ft., are covered by a perpetual mantle of snow and ice.

Then there is the Great Rift Valley with its towering ridges, and last and perhaps greatest among the wonders of this alluring region is the great Lake Victoria which it takes a steamer ten days to encircle, and they are very efficient steamers, several of them upwards of 1,000 tons displacement. In Kenya and Uganda to-day one has a curious mixture of the primitive with the amazingly modern. Within a comparatively few miles of the fine offices and buildings of the Kenya and Uganda Railway at Nairobi one has, for example, the primeval forest. To-day travel can be undertaken in Kenya Colony and Uganda under conditions of far greater comfort, safety, and convenience than can be readily imagined.

A MOUNTAIN GLORY OF EAST AFRICA: A picture reproduced from a telephotograph of Mount Kenya (after which the colony is named) taken from Nairobi

East African Dependencies

MOTORING IN EAST AFRICA is an adventure when one leaves the arterial roads

The first-class sleeping cars are luxury itself and are, of course, specially built for the conditions of travel in this region. All who have tested the touring facilities provided by the Kenya and Uganda Railway and Harbour Administration with regard to train and steamer services have only praise for them. Restaurant cars are attached to all mail trains, and the prices of meals on these trains only amount to the exceedingly moderate charge of about 10s. a day, of course excluding wine. The lake and river steamers are exceedingly comfortable and well equipped, and here again the charges for meals, excluding wines and spirits, only amount to the sum of 12s. per day.

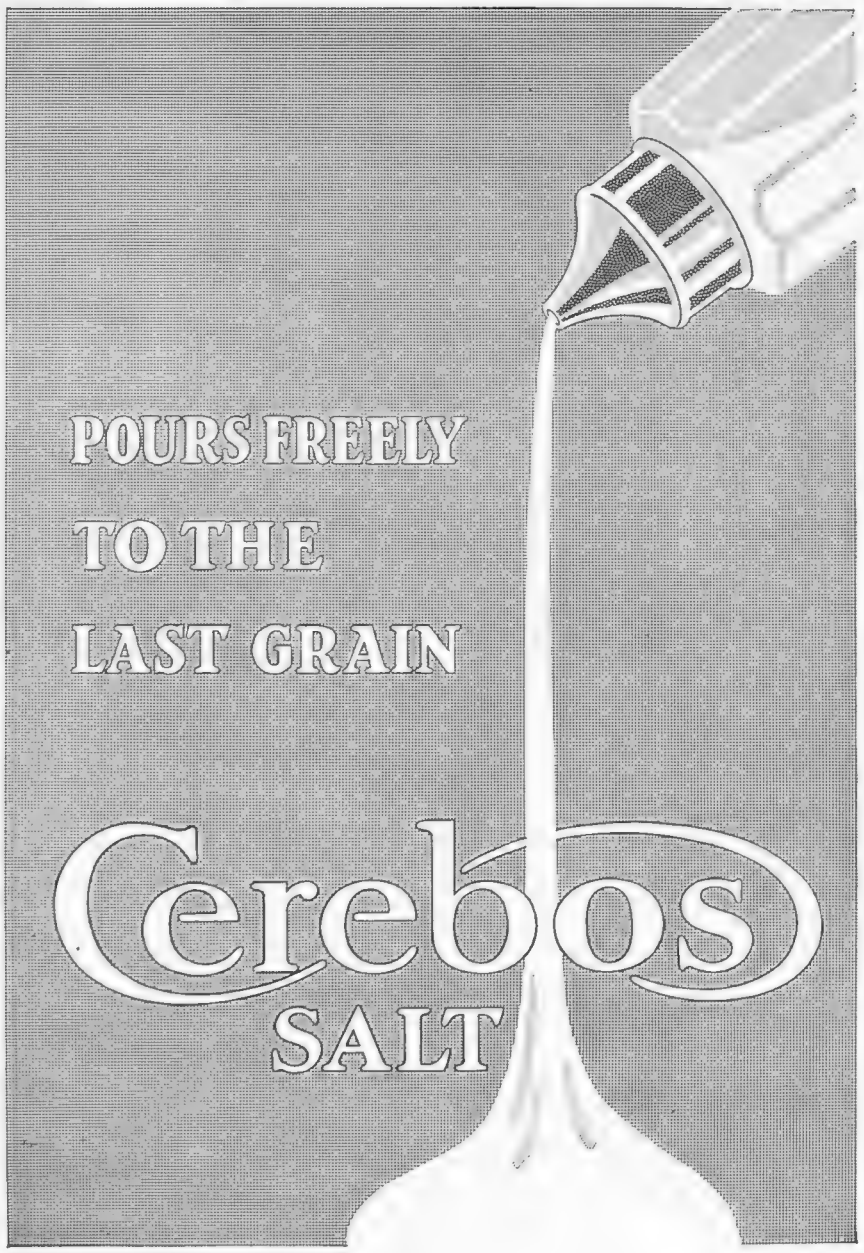
There are nowadays quite a number of routes by which one can reach Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika from England, both by sea and land, so that what was but comparatively few years ago a more or less serious undertaking has become a pleasant holiday journey. No one should fail to stay a short time in Mombasa, for the island possesses many unique features. Not the least interesting is the old Arab town with its ancient buildings, with Moorish architecture here and there adapted to modern requirements. Then one has the more modern and in many cases important commercial houses on the outskirts of the old town, and also the charming bungalows built so as to overlook the sea, inhabited chiefly by Europeans, and presenting a very pleasing though strange contrast with the more ancient features of this historic place.

A night's railway journey takes one from this region to that of the hill stations of Kenya, some reaching a height of 4,000 ft. above the sea level. Here there is a freshness of the air in the morning which one can scarcely associate with the word Africa, and the railway line begins to form the boundary of the wonderful game preserve which is a splendid natural zoo.

The old Nairobi has nearly entirely disappeared, and to-day an almost completely new town, with wide streets and fine buildings, has sprung up. Nairobi is not only the capital of the colony, but is the first of the highland towns after leaving the coast, and here one finds excellent hotels, which make it a very convenient and comfortable centre of residence from which to start big game hunting expeditions, touring, or exploring.

Who can describe that vast expanse of water known as Lake Victoria, on an arm of which almost encircled by land stands Kisumu, the original terminus of the Uganda Railway? Although the little town, built along tree-lined roads on the slope rising from the lake, has lost some of its ancient importance, it is still an important

(Continued on following page)



SUDAN

KHARTOUM with its ideal Winter Climate can be reached either via Egypt or direct by steamer to Port Sudan, and thence by the trains de luxe of the Sudan Government Railways.

Express Steamers leave Khartoum for Juba (1,100 miles up the White Nile), whence Motor Cars proceed to Nimule to connect with the Kenya and Uganda Rail and Steamer Services.

There are Hotels, under the management of the Sudan Government Railways, at Khartoum, Port Sudan, Wadi Halfa and Juba.

For particulars of Railway and Steamer Services, Tours at inclusive rates, Big Game Shooting, etc., apply to:—

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Wellington House, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W. 1; or the Sudan Agent, Cairo; or any of the principal Tourist Agencies.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

"The Sphere's" Travel Bureau was inaugurated a few years ago specially to help readers to overcome the many difficulties that arise when the problem of holidays is being discussed.

In its new form the Travel Section is one of the most popular features of the paper. Useful and *practical* information is given each week of tours by rail, sea and road; and beauty spots and health resorts all over the world are fully illustrated and described.

All Travel queries are promptly answered by post.

Enquiries should be addressed to—

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IF OLD KING COLE

had called for a bottle of 'King George IV' to go into his bowl he would have gone down to posterity as not only a merry old soul but a very wise one.

KING GEORGE IV

1187

OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

place for tourists, for here are the headquarters of the lake steamers, which were carried in sections by railway from the coast and rebuilt upon the slipways which adjoin what is the highest dry dock in the world. Here one finds a pier and quays, alongside which steamers are busily loading and unloading produce picked up along the shores of the lake. One has a lovely picture of the latter from Kisumu, and on the outskirts of the town one finds large herds of impala roaming, to-day almost as tame as domestic animals.

Uganda is easily and pleasantly reached from Kisumu by the steamers running to Kampala via Port Bell. Here one has a region more primitive and wild than Kenya, for Uganda is also in the making and the process cannot fail to interest and amaze all travellers who journey hither. Kampala also is the starting place both for the Nile route to the Sudan and the famous Mountains of the Moon. It is here one comes into touch with the most romantic and historic of the world's rivers, the Nile, which draws the bulk of its water from Uganda. Returned travellers are always loud in their praise of the interest and attraction of Uganda, and speak of the unforgettable impressions which its primeval beauty and natural resources have left upon their minds.

For those who seek big-game hunting at a reasonable cost, Uganda offers many opportunities, and there is excellent fishing to be obtained in Lake Albert and other waters. Kampala forms an excellent centre from which to explore the shores of the Lake Victoria or to visit the various estates, and good roads take one to the most attractive portions of the Protectorate.

As is the case with Kenya and Uganda, the Sudan has of late years become more and more popular for an unconventional and intriguing type of holiday as well as for big-game hunting expeditions on the Upper Nile.

Dacre A. Shaw

WATER TRAVEL: Canoeing on Lake Naivasha—a fine sheet of water between Naorobi and Kisumu

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

HOLIDAY *in* EAST AFRICA

(Continued from preceding page)

Indeed, African trans-continental travel has been rapidly developed in recent years, and one of the most amazing, interesting, and extensive of these overland routes is through the heart of the continent from the East African ports of Mombasa or Dar-es-Salaam, through Kenya and Tanganyika to and across Lake Victoria, and thence through Uganda via Lake Kioja and Albert, down the River Nile to the Sudan border, historic Khartoum, and thence to the wonderful temple cities of the past, Thebes and Luxor, and on to Cairo. Or, of course, one can make a much shorter holiday tour, or game-shooting expedition from Port Sudan by the up-to-date and comfortable Sudan Government railways to Atbara, Khartoum, and El-Obeid, or alternatively to Atbara and then down the Nile.

The travel facilities and development in the Sudan of recent years have been, indeed, amazing.

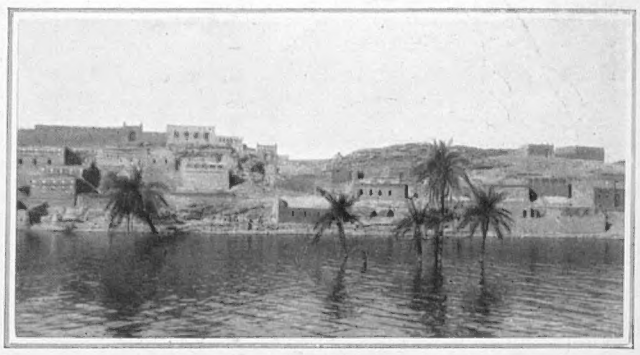
The tours organized by the Government railways and steamers at inclusive and moderate charges are such as to entice tourists of the wealthier class in large numbers. There is a most varied choice of tours ranging from a few days spent in Khartoum and then a return down the Nile to Cairo, or back to Port Sudan, and thence homeward by mail steamer, or extended tours to the Southern Sudan, where there is plenty to interest not only in the natives, but in the amazing wealth of animal and bird life which distinguishes this portion of the great river. The organization of all river and rail transport is excellent, and travellers in search of big game, for which the Southern Sudan is famous, will find arrangements easily made, while private steamers can be chartered at rates which cover all charges, including wages of the crew, bearers, game outfit, catering, etc. Not the least of its advantages is the fact that the Sudan is one of the most easily reached countries where big game still abounds.

Khartoum with its fine hotels and marvellous river-front never fails to charm and interest and, of course, there is much in the immediate neighbourhood of great interest.

Clive Holland.

W. H. Stevens

A HOME IN UGANDA: A typical dwelling in the banana plantations



A VILLAGE DOOMED BY THE ASSUAN DAM: The Nubian village of Dendur on the Nile above the First Cataract

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Mr. Howson F. Devitt, Chairman of the "Arethusa" Committee, presided at the annual distribution of prizes on board the Training Ship *Arethusa* on July 22. This was probably the last prize day on board the ship, in view of its removal from the Thames owing to increased shipping in that part of the river. Mr. Devitt said that the Port of London Authority had informed them that it would be impossible for the ship to stay where she was. What the Committee were going to do exactly he did not know, but he could assure his listeners that whatever happened they were going to carry on. The boys were inspected by Commander Sir Hilton Young, R.N.V.R., M.P., who was accompanied by Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Madden. This great work is most urgently in need of funds. Will readers please send their gifts to the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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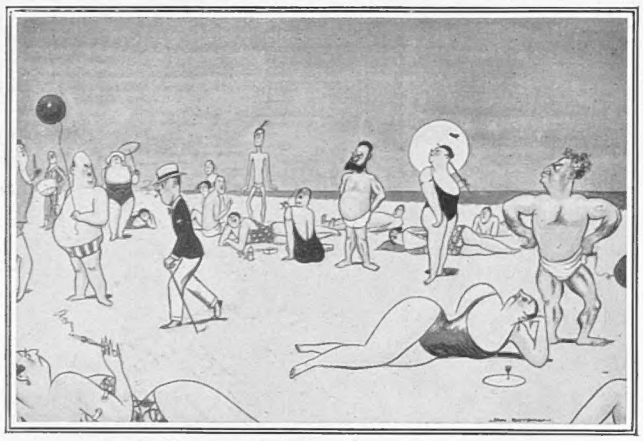

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"Stand Easy" "The Favourite Wins"
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"The Man who Begged to Differ from his Mother-in-Law"

"The Second Lieutenant who Joined his Regiment Complete with Wife"
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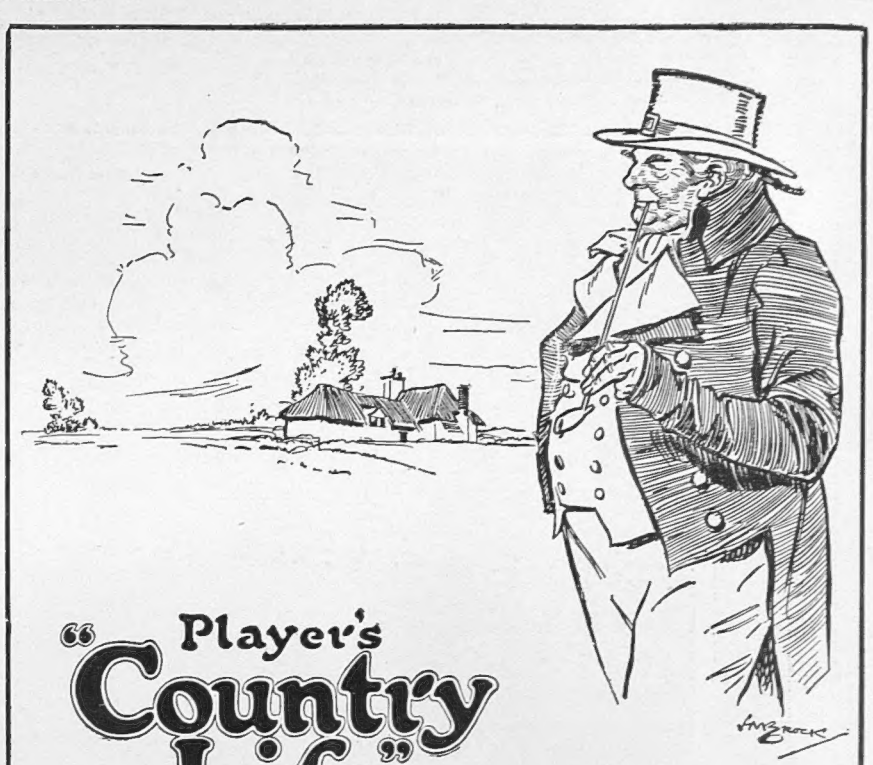

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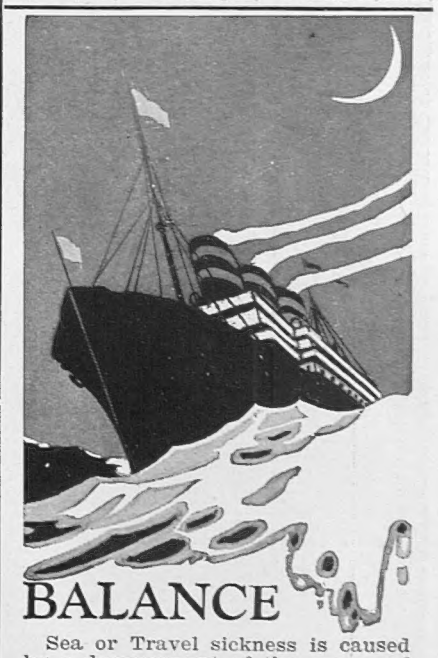

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